

The Australian

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# Women's Weekly

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## 16-page lift-out KNITTING FOR CHILDREN

- Sweaters • Dresses
- Caps • Cardigans

Queen Sirikit

in New York

See page 2





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### OUR COVER

● Queen Sirikit of Thailand, in a magnificent jewel-encrusted Thai silk dress by Balmain, at a party at New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art.

King Phumiphon and Queen Sirikit had been on a private visit to the United States and Canada with an entourage of 66—chamberlains, hairdresser, physician, aides-de-camp, lady-in-waiting, maid to lady-in-waiting, etc., and their baggage totalled 9000lb. In that baggage was Queen Sirikit's travelling wardrobe by Pierre Balmain—her at-home wardrobe is made by a palace dressmaker.

Recently "Time" magazine noted that "Balmain now picks up about \$500,000 in annual business from Sirikit." Indignant at the magazine story, an aide to the royal house of Thailand—a recipient of substantial U.S. aid—said, "\$500,000 is approximately the total amount allowed for the entire royal family."

Now the Queen is reluctant to talk about fashion, and the magazine, perhaps with regrets for the story, hosted the elaborate party at which our cover picture was taken by Bill Wilson, of our New York staff.



Mr. TONY GWILLIAM

**MR. GWILLIAM** believes the future house has to be as efficient, handy, and well equipped as a car.

"And it shouldn't be difficult to have self-cleaning of interiors," he said.

"The most efficient home today is the space capsule."

Mr. Gwilliam, who has done a great deal of research into the patterns of human settlement (he gained an M.Sc. degree for his research at the Southern Illinois University), came to Australia as a guest speaker at the Australian Architecture Students' Convention in Brisbane.

He has also been invited to lecture to university students in Sydney, Melbourne, and Adelaide.

He described his main interest as "housing for millions of people," and his special interest as "a decent house for today—a house giving maximum realisation to individual potential"; meaning that a house should be an aid, not a hindrance, in a person's work and way of life.

Apart from work on pre-

fabricated housing, his projects include an inflatable house that can be put up in an hour.

It weighs only 11lb. and can pack into a suitcase. It's made from a form of plastic, very strong.

Mr. Gwilliam said the American and British Armies were already using inflatable buildings. There were several designs, and some had double "skins" and openings.

They were also used for exhibition buildings and travelling exhibitions, but he didn't think anyone was yet using one as a home.

During the convention in Brisbane, a student project was to construct an inflatable shelter. It was made of polythene and was 20 feet in diameter and eight feet high.

The students used vacuum cleaners to pump the air into it.

### Good sense

On first acquaintance some of Mr. Gwilliam's ideas seem "way out," but on second thoughts they seem to make good sense.

For instance, he considers that some priority should be

● **MR. GWILLIAM**, tall and with a "villain-type" moustache, designs not only buildings but also his own clothes. The grey jacket he wears in the picture, part of a "working" suit, has pockets big enough to take a magazine, and a small, deep pocket at top left for pen or pencil. He also designed the shirt, which is red, white, and blue stripes. He says moustaches are coming back into fashion for men. He hadn't heard the term "side-levers" till he came to Australia—but he wears them.

## HOUSES OF THE FUTURE

AIR house — Gwilliam design.



● English architect-designer Mr. Tony Gwilliam believes homes of the future should serve people's needs better. He envisages serviced, movable houses that don't tie people down, that can be hired like a telephone, and discarded when they become outmoded.

given to studying man's present living environment, which, he complains, is static and inflexible.

"Being in an age of rapid change, we require an environment that is capable of aiding this change," he said.

"Automation will mean more leisure, better education, better development of creative ideas.

"People's lives will be based on their homes. Many

By JEAN BRUCE

people will work from their homes—there is already a tendency toward this.

"Automation will mean that cities, and their functions, will be looked at differently.

"Because of the present financial structure the building of office blocks is insisted upon—and an office block costs much more per square foot than a home.

"They have better building materials, and air-conditioning, yet are used for only a few hours and then are shut up.

"Traffic flyways must be built to fill and empty these office blocks, and get people in and out of the city each day.

"In fact, the homes are emptied to fill the office blocks, then the office blocks are emptied to fill the homes, involving very great expense in buildings and transport."

"Yet, using modern communications—telephones, two-way television, teleprinters, etc.—could you work from your own home?"

"Most people could," Mr. Gwilliam continued: "Homes should serve people's needs more.

"What does a home consist of? Think of a field. Then think of all the things in a home—television set, refrigerator, stove, furniture, possessions, water, electricity, gas—all in the middle of the field.

"Then people put over the top of it all a large tonnage of bricks, timber, tiles just to keep the things dry."

Back again to the subject of the present "static, inflexible" environment of present-day living:

"What do people really need from a house?" continued Mr. Gwilliam.

"They need shelter, privacy, freedom to move, freedom to change, as well as a place in which to keep their personal possessions.

"But they must start treating their house as an aid to a fuller life."

He asked another question: "Does your house extend your way of living? Are you tied to it by finance?"

And he continued:

"Today's house should be serviced—it should be rentable, fully maintained, cleaned, refuelled, and anything else that has to be done to it. It should be replaced by the new model when it is obsolete, or changed for another model when the occupants need to change.

"The new house should be furnished, ready to live in, with all facilities. Everything should be there.

"A house should be considered in the same way as a telephone. People don't buy a telephone, they rent the right to use a world-wide service.

"Many of the things inside the home today—like the telephone or, perhaps, television—are serviced, but the home itself isn't."

"Why shouldn't it be?"

Mr. Gwilliam said motels

and service units demonstrate the tendency toward "serviced living."

"At some time in the future, people, when buying a house, should be buying a total service.

"People don't want to spend their time cooking and cleaning."

Mr. Gwilliam believes a modern home should be a world product, like a car, not a local product. The lighter they are, the easier air transport would be from country to country.

"Houses of the future should not tie a person down to any one spot. He should be able to go where he likes, at any moment."

In keeping with his belief that there should be a world house, Mr. Gwilliam said, "My home is the world."

### "Fortunes"

From Australia he plans to go to Tokyo. He worked in Mexico for two years not long ago, building villages and schools—prefabricated buildings—for the Mexican Government.

He said poor housing cost fortunes in medical expenses for treating disease: "People have a responsibility to give houses to the world.

"The Japanese are the most advanced in housing, and they are doing a lot of research."

In America, Mr. Gwilliam worked with designer Buckminster Fuller, who is known for his building of beautiful domes, and who built the U.S. Pavilion at Expo 67 in Montreal. He greatly admires Mr. Fuller.

"Houses he designed 30 years ago," Mr. Gwilliam said, "are still more advanced than anything today."



# "POP GOES AUSTRALIA" AT EXPO 67

● Australia's Day was generally agreed to be one of the most original and entertaining of the special national days at Expo 67. These are photographs taken at the "Pop Goes Australia" show on the day.



KATHY LLOYD (above) had the Canadians whistling for more at her appearance in "Pop Goes Australia," which was held in the open air during Australia's Day.



ROBERT HELPMANN, executive producer of Australia's Day at Expo, photographed at a rehearsal. The day ended with a midnight party.



ROLF HARRIS (above) entertained crowds with his accordion and some of his internationally popular songs. Other events during the day included tennis matches and woodchopping. Normie Rowe (below) and his group were among other artists taking part in the entertainment.

BOBBY LIMB (right), producer of "Pop Goes Australia," sings one of his numbers. Bobby took a group of six musicians with him, and their arrangements included Aboriginal instruments combined with modern for an entirely new sound. The group provided the backing for the line-up of top stars.



Pictures by  
ROBERT FELDMAN



## NEXT WEEK

● Most of the worries that beset mothers are everyday ones: the baby who seems to cry too much, the toddler who won't eat, the child with a tummy-ache that may be appendicitis — BUT



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and ...

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### AND ...

● It's full of action and suspense ... our new serial

"THE FURTHER  
SIDE OF FEAR"

by

HELEN McCLOY



### AND ...



● Our "House of the Week" is a COUNTRY COTTAGE IN THE SUBURBS (this is the living-room of the cottage)

### AND ...

● In color—

SWIMWEAR  
ON THE NEW  
WAVELENGTH

—from the shops



KAY LAMBERT with her mother, who lives at Elwood, Vic.



THE BLUEBELLS in action.

● Tall (5ft. 11in.) Kay is a  
Bluebell of bonnie France

## A showgirl

PARIS and the foot-lights at the Lido nightclub were far away as Kay Lambert, one of the Lido's famous Bluebells, munched homemade cake at her parents' house at Elwood (Vic.).

She was home on holiday. A poised, attractive 22, Kay left Melbourne two and a half years ago because at 5ft. 11in. she was too tall for the classical ballet here—and couldn't get into cabaret, either.

As she tells the story: "Soon after I arrived in England, I auditioned with the Bluebells' London agent.

"Three days later I was in Paris, and a week after that I was on stage.

"It was hectic trying to learn all the numbers in such a short time. But I was thrilled and overwhelmed at my luck."

For the 16 Bluebells—minimum height 5ft. 9in.—are probably the most famous cabaret troupe in the world, a troupe founded 20 years ago by an energetic Irishwoman, Miss Margaret Kelly, known to the girls as Miss Bluebell.

"She watches over us like a mother," said Kay.

"When it was suggested recently that we might go topless, she was outraged.

"My girls will never be topless," she said.

"Miss Bluebell has a whole list of rules for us.

"For one thing, we don't do strip numbers, and we're not allowed to drink during the show, or to go into the *salle* and mix with the patrons.

"Bluebells who are under 18 are not allowed to go to a nightclub at all.

"And we can't travel more than about 40 miles from Paris during the day, in case we're unable to get back for the show."

### Lone Australian

Most of the Bluebells are, surprisingly, English, some are French, German, or Swiss, and there is one American. Kay is the only Australian.

She poured herself another cup of morning tea and brought out a sheaf of pictures taken in Paris on her 21st birthday.

Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Lambert, went over to celebrate with her, and quickly found that being a Bluebell, or even

parents of a Bluebell, makes you a celebrity in Paris.

"We basked in Kay's reflected glory the whole time we were there," Mrs. Lambert said, laughing.

"When we entered a restaurant fingers would snap and we would be the centre of attention."

The Lamberts invited the whole cast at the Lido to



ON STAGE at the Paris Lido, the nightclub which seats 1000, Kay takes a bow.





... Kay is at left in front row. This was a guest appearance at the Paris Circus.



TAKING the family poodle for a run on Elwood beach.

# comes home ... from Paris

By  
**BEVERLEY  
COOPER**

a champagne party for Kay after the show.

Then they moved on to the King Club — "We sat next to actor Gert Frobe," said Mrs. Lambert — and breakfast-time found them sipping onion soup at Les Halles, the Paris markets. Kay said, "It was a birthday I'll never forget."

Being a Bluebell means a glamorous life in the limelight, but it's also hard work, she says.

"We work seven nights a week, arriving at the Lido at 10.

"First show is at 11, finishing at 12.45, then there is a short interval and another show lasting until 3 a.m.

"It's usually 4.30 or 5 a.m. before we get home, in taxis provided by the Lido.

"As well as going on stage at night, we rehearse sometimes four hours a day."

The Bluebell girls earn about \$100 a week, but that doesn't go very far in Paris, where the cost of living is so high, says Kay.

They appear as guest stars on television every few weeks, and often act as fashion models when a couturier like Dior or Cardin hires the nightclub for a soiree.

"But I love the gala nights best," said Kay. "Then all the stars of Europe and America come to the show.

"Bob Hope was there just before I left, and I've often seen Sophia Loren, Frank Sinatra, Maurice Chevalier, Geraldine Chaplin, and Gilbert Beaudou—they're regulars.

"And there's that prince who's always coming in." But she couldn't think of his name.

The Bluebells meet the stars backstage after the show, and are often photographed with them.

## Free apartment

With six weeks' holiday every year, Kay has seen much of Europe—her favorite spot is the French Riviera—and with five other Bluebells she was invited to Geneva to appear at the opening of a big hair salon there.

When she first went to Paris she stayed at one of the free apartments kept specially for Bluebell girls

under 18, above the Lido, but now she has her own apartment at Passy, outside Paris. Sharing it with her is Brett, a Labrador dog she brought from London.

"I take him for walks in the Bois de Boulogne during the day."

Another Bluebell, her friend Darna, is looking after Brett until she returns.

Kay's arrival in Melbourne was a complete surprise to her mother, who was planning a big homecoming for her in August, with banners at the airport,

a welcome-home cake, and a family party.

Kay's brother Martyn, in Adelaide, had even planned his wedding to coincide with her visit.

"But I wanted it to be a surprise," she said.

Only her father knew of her plans. On the day of her arrival he asked Mrs. Lambert, casually, if she'd mind going out to the airport "to help welcome migrant families with a cup of tea and a chat."

Instead, she found Kay.

## Letters at last

"Luckily, I'd started on the preparations long ago—I don't like to be rushed at the last minute, and at least we had Kay's room freshly painted," said Mrs. Lambert.

For Kay, the end of secrecy meant one very important thing—letters at last from her boyfriend, Murphy Loeder, one of the Lido dancers. He had been ordered not to write a word until Kay arrived, in case he made her mother suspect the plan. While he chatted a telegram arrived from Paris.

Kay opened it happily and announced that four letters from Murphy were on their way.



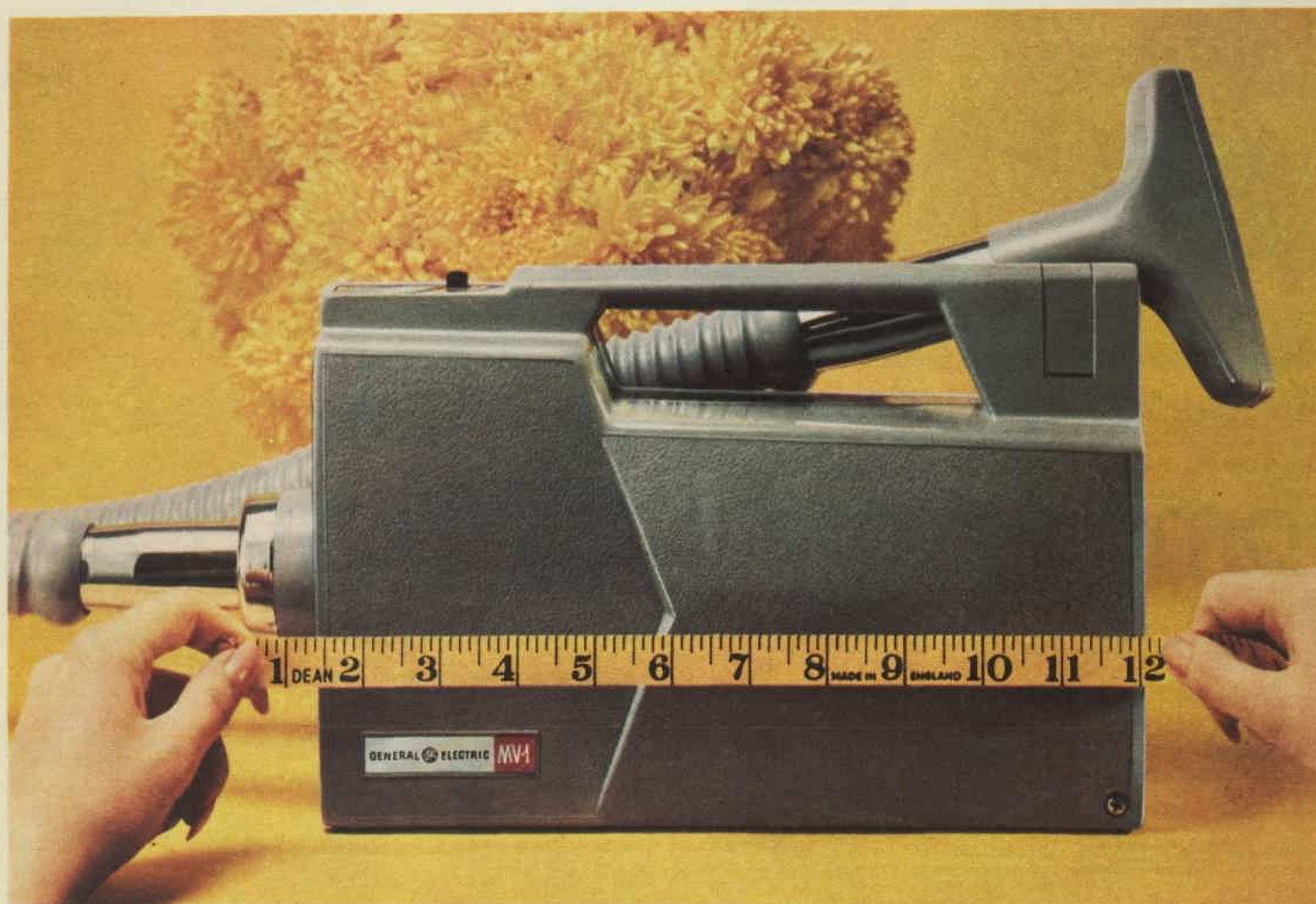
ON A BUYING spree in a Melbourne store. "Clothes cost so much in Paris," Kay says, "that my wardrobe is practically bare."





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By MARGARET ANN KANDAL

It was a cold, windy night. I looked down at the waves pounding mercilessly on the black rocks below. Above, the cliffs were silhouetted in an eerie, terrifying beauty.

Submissiveness enveloped me, and somewhat reluctantly I drew away from the safety fence and the hypnotic power that was pulling, pulling...

I walked away from the clifftop and joined the tall man and his dog on their nightly patrol of the Gap, in the Sydney suburb of Watson's Bay.

Later, sitting in the warm comfort of a living-room overlooking the cliff walk, the atmosphere of the Gap still affected me as I listened to the middle-aged man and his wife (we shall call them Mr. and Mrs. X) talking about their nightly vigils round the cliff's edge for the past 12 years.

Mr. and Mrs. X, who patrol two or three times a night, have had only a week's holiday in those years. They say they have learnt to tell immediately when persons have gone to the Gap with the intention of ending their lives, but by subtle suggestions—and even sometimes by force—have managed to get them to come to their home for a cup of coffee and a chat.

### Crying gently

"Here they can pour out their troubles and we try to give them the understanding they need. We telephone Life Line, who send a counsellor to see what can be done. And there is always something," said the slightly built woman.

(Life Line is an organisation conducted by the Central Methodist Church in Sydney to help people in trouble.)

These patrols have saved at least 50 would-be suicides from jumping to their death from Sydney's most notorious suicide landmark.

"We say we have brought more than 50 people back from the Gap to our home, but I would say we have saved only about five who were intent on ending their lives," said Mrs. X.

"The others don't really want to die. They go to the Gap because they know they'll be saved and their plight brought to light. The fully intending ones never bring money with them—they don't need a fare back. They have a glazed look in their eyes and don't appear at all normal.

"It's pathetic to see people reduced to the state where they want to take their lives. You can hear them crying very gently beneath the bushes, almost like a little prayer.

"We say 'Hello'—quite casually—mention how wet

# THE GAP PATROL

Man-and-wife team coax 50 away from suicide spot.



and windy it is, or sometimes get straight to the point and say that it really is too beautiful a night to commit suicide. It depends on the person.

"One alcoholic who wished to jump did not respond to a coffee invitation, so I mentioned a bottle of scotch. This did the trick. It's just a matter of getting them away from the cliff-face and into the living-room.

"My husband does most of the walking now. When he needs me, he signals by torch and I join him. He often has to use his walking-stick to grab people back. He's wonderful with them and has a very calming effect.

"I have been trying for years to get a Life Line telephone put out here. The nearest public telephone is down at the post office, and desperate people often don't know its position, or it could be out of order. Having a direct line to Life Line, and to someone they know they can trust, could save many lives."

Another suggestion Mr. and Mrs. X feel might be helpful could be a small hut or shed, with the door continually open and a light on. Hot drinks or a few bottles of a harder type could be provided and someone who

would spend the time as a counsellor.

"I would say that just about everyone in the Watson's Bay area has helped in some way to save a life at the Gap, and I know that about half a dozen people around here patrol with this in mind," Mrs. X said.

"The vast majority of would-be suicides don't need protection in a mental asylum. In fact, most are what Life Line refers to as 'academy award winners' who go to the Gap, not to commit suicide but to draw attention to themselves from a family or husband, to show them what they could do if they wished.

"The Life Line staff keep the gossip away from these people's neighbors. An attempted suicide has to live with the thought for the rest of his life.

"I suppose, in a way, it is a form of mental sickness, but one that practically everyone goes through at some time—lack of money or mounting bills, trying to live up to the Joneses, which gets a lot of people into trouble. It's a sickness that can be cured and not by putting someone away.

"Most would-bes at the Gap are not insane, they're

just in need of love and understanding. Life Line knows this and is doing a marvellous job at rehabilitation."

Although Mr. and Mrs. X are not members of Life Line, they are constantly called upon by that organisation to investigate the many calls that come through to the centre in Darlinghurst, whether from hoaxers or people sincerely in need of help.

### Risk lives

"Taxi-drivers are also very helpful and always alert," said Mrs. X. "They can tell when a fare to the Gap might end in suicide. The police, too, do a marvellous job—I have seen them risk their lives countless times.

"A lot of young people go to the Gap—and many in the school- or university-age group are earnest in their desire to end their lives.

"It's a very impressionable age and many parents don't realise the harm they can do to their children by pushing them too far.

"You wouldn't believe the tragedy that lies behind these teenagers' lives until you see the newspaper lying at the top of the Gap, opened at the page listing exam results. It's such a waste of life."

As Mrs. X said, "The Gap is very well named—it's a gap in human relationship that should be filled and with outstretched hands.

"People who come to the Gap with suicide in mind desperately want to talk to someone who will listen with an open mind. It should be a husband or lover, even parents, but by life's turn of events it has to be my husband or myself."

The Rev. Alan Walker, superintendent of the Central Methodist Church, which operates Life Line, commented on the telephone suggestion:

"Life Line would welcome a direct link from the Gap to the Life Line Centre in Darlinghurst. We believe that such a link would result in the saving of lives. For the telephone link to be effective there would need to be a sign drawing attention to the phone. A sign at Niagara Falls, in America, telling would-be suicides that help is available has greatly reduced the suicide rate there."

In July, 1964, Woollahra Council agreed to the erection of a sign at the Gap. The 7ft. by 4ft. sign, to be lit at night, was to read: "There is always someone who cares at the Life Line

Centre. If you are in any kind of trouble, ring Life Line now, 31-0971. Help is as close as the telephone."

On November 2, 1964, the decision to erect the sign was rescinded.

According to police statistics, the Gap has the highest rate of suicides and attempted suicides in Australia. In the past four years 13 people have died there.

From phone calls to Life Line it is estimated that the causes of suicides and attempted suicides are:

Marital troubles, 27 percent.

Alcoholism, 20 percent.

Loneliness, 15 percent.

Acute psychiatric disorders, 15 percent.

Financial difficulties, 10 percent.

Unmarried mothers, 4 percent.

Drug addiction, 3 percent.

Physical sickness, 2 percent.

Homosexual and uncertain causes, 2 percent each.

Figures issued by the United Nations for 1964 showed an estimated world suicide total of 250,000 per year. Australia was sixth with 14.5 suicides per 100,000 of population.



# DARWIN GAY FOR FESTIVAL



● Clay-daubed warriors from Melville and Bathurst Islands led the first-prize winning Aboriginal Welfare float in Darwin's Festival procession.



● Attractive young members of the Water Ski Club (above). Their contestant, Elspeth Scheaffar, 17, a high-school student, was crowned Festival Queen at the Festival Ball.

DARWIN turned out in full dress to watch the city's colorful Festival procession. It is the one day of the year, the locals say, when hotels remain empty for 10 minutes after opening time — the procession finishes at 10.10. Crowds who lined the streets six deep gave an enthusiastic welcome to Festival Queen contestants as the girls smiled and waved from their gaily decorated floats.

The Aboriginal Welfare float easily won first prize. Led by clay-daubed warriors from Melville and Bathurst Islands, the rear of the float showed the contrast of the modern generation. A pop group played for young go-go dancers, who seemed to invest that type of dance with the ancient rhythm of the corroboree.

—GLORIA NEWTON



● Borrowing from Tudor times (right), the Darwin Amateur Musical Society float with their Queen, Toni Walker, and maids in Tudor dress against a castle background.





— Pictures by staff photographer Ernie Nutt

● Contrast to the islanders who led the Aboriginal Welfare float, a pop group played for go-go dancers on the back. Youngsters waved happily to the crowd.



● Above: Aboriginal Welfare Queen entrant Margaret Lewis, 17, a senior girl at the Home Management Centre at Bagot Reserve, with young friends. Left: Quota Service Club Queen Helen Martin on club's float. Below: Scene in Smith Street.







● Mrs. Marjorie Duncan, president of the Manly Esperanto Club, who welcomed Mrs. S. Issobe, of Tokyo, and her daughters Majo, eight, and Juli, two, to Sydney.

## A language that opens doors

● A very special address book opened homes in Israel and India to Mrs. Marjorie Duncan last year when she spent her long-service leave on an overseas trip.

THE book contains the addresses of several thousand people scattered throughout 84 countries. These people, despite a multitude of differences in languages, customs, creeds, religions, and governments, have one thing in common — they speak the international language, Esperanto.

Mrs. Duncan's address book is actually the yearbook of the Universal Esperanto Association, and lists the names and addresses of more than 3000 specially selected delegates of the association. These delegates have undertaken to help any fellow members who may contact them.

Mrs. Duncan's interest in Esperanto began in the late 1940s. She had come to Australia as an exchange teacher in 1938. When World War II broke out, she became an ambulance driver in the Australian Army.

After the war she returned to England and, feeling lonely, began to learn Esperanto after reading that a group of Esperantists were travelling to Denmark for an international meeting.

"Within five months I had learned sufficient of the language to take part in conversations, and I went with the group to Denmark," Mrs. Duncan said.

When she returned to Bournemouth, Mrs. Duncan took an active interest in the local Esperanto Society, and each year used its con-

tacts to form friendships in other countries she visited.

Her marriage to an Australian in 1953 brought her to Manly, and in 1960 she formed the Manly Esperanto Club, of which she is president. She also teaches Esperanto at Manly Evening College and is a delegate for the Universal Esperanto Association.

When she decided on a round trip to England for her long-service leave, she selected addresses in Tel-Aviv and New Delhi, her "stopover" cities on her

By  
**BARBARA MARTYN**

return flight from London, and wrote introducing herself and stating her arrival times.

The Tel-Aviv Esperantist group turned out in full force to greet Mrs. Duncan at the airport, and arranged for her to stay at the home of a fellow teacher, Mrs. Tova Levin.

The other Israeli Esperantists arranged for Mrs. Duncan to see the main attractions of Tel-Aviv and also hosted her on outings to Mediterranean beaches.

"The experience was unique," said Mrs. Duncan. "Differences in language, race, and religion were no longer important. I was able to learn of the life of the city from the people themselves."

It was the same in New Delhi.

"I was again overwhelmed by the kindness of the local Esperantists. They met me at the airport and at every opportunity accompanied me on my sightseeing visits.

"Still more important, they invited me into their homes, as my Israeli friends had done, and shared with me their everyday lives."

Mrs. Duncan's hostesses in New Delhi were Miss Jasbir Batra, a secretary, and her sister Jagdish, a high-school teacher.

Esperanto was devised 80 years ago by a Warsaw oculist and linguist Dr. Lazarus Ludovic Zamenhof. Born in 1859, the son of a language teacher in Bialystok, Poland, Zamenhof learned from his early life in this town populated by Russians, Poles, Germans, and Jews the enmities that could grow from misunderstandings caused by language differences.

After many years' work he produced an easy-to-learn language based on Romano-Germanic roots.

The language has developed to a stage where it is now used by several thousand people throughout the world. Today it is used in publicity material, on posters at great continental trade fairs, by railways, airlines, a number of governments, and by UNESCO. Numerous radio stations broadcast daily in Esperanto.

The Manly group, which numbers 36, is especially busy this year, as the Australian congress is to be held in Manly in January, 1968.

Mrs. Duncan said UNESCO had recognised the work done by the Universal Esperanto Association by granting it a "B" category status — only given to the most important non-governmental organisations, such as the Red Cross, as being "in consultative relations with UNESCO."



**MARRIED.** Flowergirls Belinda Bruce (left) and her sister Judy with Mr. and Mrs. John Madgwick as they left Shore Chapel, North Sydney, after their marriage. The bride was Miss Vicki Sharp, daughter of Lieut-Colonel and Mrs. D. G. Sharp, of Melbourne.

## SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

By  
**Mollie Lyons**

EVERY second or third person I met last week seemed to be talking "snow" — but it was snow with a different slant. As there had been no falls in the skiing spots (and no promises from the weather man that there would be any) the big question was whether or not to cancel.

ALL ready for two stays in the snow country are Mr. and Mrs. Neville Christie, who'll go to the Alpine Hotel at Thredbo Village on August 6 for ten days and then on August 26 will go up again with their three children, Louise, Victoria, and Robert. I like the sound of the ski-suits Mrs. Christie has designed for herself and the girls. Hers are in navy and brick and Louise has one in strawberry, Victoria in sapphire-blue.

FUR will be the highlight of Mrs. Eileen Esdaile's ski wardrobe, which sounds so chic. Her two main outfits are in donkey-brown and black. The first has brown ski-pants, matching suede jacket, and a brown natural mink helmet. The second is a ski-suit worn with a black fox hood. She leaves on July 22 with Mrs. Scott Morell for a fortnight at The Man From Snowy River Hotel.

ALSO bound for the snow country are the John Excells, who will be joined by Mrs. Excell's brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Venor Dulhunty, of "Nant Park," Deepwater, for a week's stay at Marritz in Perisher Valley. Mrs. Excell will stay on in the valley for a further week with Mrs. Frank Mills, who will fly up to meet her at The Man From Snowy River Hotel, where they will stay.

AND, speaking to Cheryl Bray, I learned of yet another snow holiday. Cheryl flies to Cooma on July 2, and from there travels to Perisher Valley to stay at Valhalla Lodge for two weeks. The following weekend she will be joined by Margaret and Rosemary Copp, Roy Armstrong, and Steve Paterson, who are driving up from Sydney to stay at Chez John.

IT'S to be a skiing honeymoon for Virginia Ward and George Bevan after their marriage at St. Philip's, Church Hill, on July 1. They will spend a week at Ko Ki, Falls Creek, and another week at Leo's at Thredbo, before returning to Sydney, where they'll move into a flat until the end of the year, when they're off for a seven-month holiday overseas. Skiing in Austria and Switzerland and the 1968 Olympic Games are on their program.

IT was nice to see Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Marshall down for a short stay from their property, "Edenvale," Tamworth. They had a busy time catching up on news with their daughters, Elizabeth and Judith (Mrs. Richard Warburton).

ONE of the prettiest engagement rings I have seen for ages is Carolyn Hudson's lovely oblong sapphire surrounded by a double row of diamonds. She shopped for it with her fiancé, Bill Killen, of "Mollee," Narrabri, on his last trip to Sydney.

DATE for your diary ... the Black and White Committee's smorgasbord dinner on July 12 to mark the official opening of the new Weinkeller Restaurant in Pitt Street. Proceeds will go to the Royal Blind Society.

AFTER years and years of believing that the oyster-producing industry belonged entirely to men I met a charming woman oyster farmer last week, Mrs. G. Allen, who told me that there are actually three women members of the Oyster Farmers' Association. Due almost entirely to her insistence that women should join in the association's activities, there's to be a dinner dance on June 30 at the Chevron Hotel. However, Mrs. Allen and her husband explained very carefully that this is not the annual oyster banquet, which I've always thought would be such fun to see.



IN LONDON. Mr. and Mrs. Ian Cumming leaving St. Peter's Church, Eaton Square, following their marriage. The bride was Miss Caroline Ramsay, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Ramsay, of Pymble. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. P. Cumming, of Yorkshire.





AT LEFT: A luncheon on board the ferry Proclaim attended by Miss Carmen Duncan (left) and Mrs. Bernard Graham was the finale to the Revisiting Balmain Day arranged by the ladies' auxiliary of the St. Joseph's College Old Boys' Union during which four old homes in the Balmain district were inspected.

AT RIGHT: Miss Ingrid Burke and her fiancé, Mr. Richard Smart, at the Literary Luncheon at the St. James' Playhouse. Speakers at the luncheon, which was arranged by the Crown Street Hospital Committee, were author Miss Helen Bainton and special guest, conductor John Hopkins. Proceeds will aid the Women's Hospital, Crown Street.



AT RIGHT: Newlyweds Mr. and Mrs. Guy Baring outside All Saints' Church, Woollahra, after their marriage, with attendants Miss Anne Gordon (left), Mrs. Robert Broadbent, and the bride's brother, pageboy Andrew Campbell. The bride was Miss Raina Campbell, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Campbell, of "Palerang," Bungendore. The bridegroom is the second son of Mrs. Andrew Scott, of "Farmington," Sussex, England, and of the late Mr. Esmond Baring, formerly of Hampshire, England. They will make their home on the bridegroom's property, "Warraandra," at Braidwood.



BELOW: Gay foursome at the preview of "Virtue in Peril" at the Music Hall, Neutral Bay, were Mr. and Mrs. Terry Green (right), Miss Barbara Maurice, and Mr. Robert Green. Proceeds from the evening will go to the Royal Overseas League and Australian-American Association.



AT LEFT: A September wedding is planned by Mr. Keith Fuller and Miss Judith Langdon, who recently announced their engagement. Miss Langdon is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. B. Langdon, of Roseville. Her fiancé is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Fuller, of Lancing, Sussex, England.



AT RIGHT: Just-engaged Miss Leone Power and Mr. Michael Stevens-Jones. Miss Power, who is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Power, of Mona Vale, is wearing a solitaire diamond surrounded by eight smaller diamonds. Her fiancé is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Stevens-Jones, of Warriewood Beach.







● Earl of Caithness, aged 18, Princess Anne's official escort, stands beside his portrait painted by Australian James Govett.



● Princess Anne, aged 16, who will not have a lady-in-waiting or equerry with her while being escorted by the young Earl.

# Escort for Princess Anne

**A** PORTRAIT by Australian artist James Govett will hang in a royal palace—and one of the first to see it will almost certainly be Princess Anne.

This is because the portrait is of the 18-year-old Earl of Caithness—chosen by the Queen to be her daughter's official escort—who lives at Hampton Court, where the painting will hang.

His mother, Madeline, Countess of Caithness, is delighted with the painting. "Malcolm has always been interested in drawing," she said.

"When he met James Govett at a country house party, they became friends, long before the portrait was started."

"It has not been easy making time for sittings," young Lord Caithness told me at lunch in James Govett's Chelsea studio. "I am studying hard for my A levels with a coach at Brighton and don't come up to London many weekends. But I have been fascinated with the painting from the beginning."

By ANNE MATHESON,  
of our London staff

Lord Caithness is natural, boyish, with perfect manners. He is the 20th Earl of Caithness, head of the Clan Sinclair.

"It is all nonsense that I am a young-man-about-town and at dances and balls every night," he said. "I have to work hard indeed, because I must pass my exams."

Being official escort to Princess Anne is a little more serious than being just a dancing partner—though Lord Caithness is one of the brightest partygoers (exams permitting) north of the Border.

It is in Scotland that he sees most of Princess Anne, when they are on holidays at Balmoral. His father, who died in 1965, was resident factor at Birkhall and Balmoral, where Malcolm grew up.

A member of the royal household explained his duties. "The Queen did not want Princess Anne heavily guarded or chaperoned. That way of life has passed. At the same time, being a princess calls for a good deal more formality than for a young girl enjoying her first season.

## Australian has painted portrait of the young Earl of Caithness

"The Queen has known Malcolm since he was a boy. She could see he had a sense of responsibility, while being very much with-it.

"His duties are not onerous, but they are clearly underlined. Lord Caithness will be included in all parties, will see that her car is ordered, that she enjoys herself. He will present young men who wish to dance with her—and make certain they are properly presented. He also has to guard her against intruders and see she is not rushed by social climbers.

"As he is a good sportsman, he will see that at shooting parties, picnics in the

Highlands, on fishing trips, things are organised well and go smoothly.

"At 18 he is in the Princess' age group, and this means she can enjoy young people's company without an older person—a secretary, equerry, or lady-in-waiting—in attendance. It is a very happy arrangement."

At an age when the Queen was carefully chaperoned, Princess Anne (now 16) is being given a freedom never known before in royal circles.

Lord Caithness may deny he is a young-man-about-town, but he knows his way around town. In London, he likes to dine in Chelsea, and can order a perfect meal.



"What is more surprising, he can cook one," a friend of mine, whose daughter he taught to make Scottish shortbread, told me.

When I asked about this, he said he liked cooking. "But don't be taken in by one batch of shortbread, I have a very small repertoire," he said, laughing.

When I asked if we might have photographs of him with the painting, he and his mother said, "Yes," at once. "We think it is such a splendid portrait, we would like the people of Australia to see a reproduction."

Lord Caithness is serious about his A levels, because he wants to go to McGill University, in Canada. He has a sister in Canada and the family has business connections there.

"If I had the time and the money I would like to have a holiday in Australia first," he said.

"Because Prince Charles was there, or because of the artist?" I asked. He glanced around at the many Australian scenes James Govett had painted. "Because of these," he said, with a sweep of his arm.

"And because a schoolfriend at Marlborough, Peter Boone, is the son of an Australian," he said.

Malcolm and Peter remained friends after their schooldays and it was at a house-party at Peter's home in the Cotswolds that Malcolm met James Govett. James and Peter's father, Mr. Ronald Boone, formerly of Melbourne, have been life-long friends.

As well as drawing, Lord Caithness has just taken up photography. He is very interested in horses; studying form seriously. A friend said: "He has an almost photographic memory and can recall a pedigree, form, and performance of horses at any race meeting."

Can he pick winners? They say he can. He says he has to—he is not a very rich earl.

Weekends at Hampton Court he devotes to tennis.

So, altogether, when Princess Anne is launched in her first season, it is unlikely that any moment of it will drag with an escort as lively as Lord Caithness.

● Subject turns painter as the Earl sketches James Govett in the grounds of the artist's studio.





● Happy reunion in Brisbane for Private and Mrs. Paul Collins, right, when the 6th Battalion returned from Vietnam. Above, the Thai-style church of the American Redemptorist Fathers in Bangkok, where they were married.

## FLEW TO BANGKOK TO MARRY HER SOLDIER FIANCE

● Two young people who were reunited in Brisbane when the 6th Battalion, Royal Australian Regiment, returned from Vietnam stole a march on time by being married in Bangkok — even though it meant only a three-day honeymoon.



**T**HE flight from Brisbane to Bangkok cost Rita Kahl, 24, of Redlands Bay, all her savings for the three years she had been working — just on \$600.

In honeymoon terms, that works out at \$200 a day, but regrets?

"None," said Rita, now Mrs. Paul Collins.

Rita made battalion history when she flew to Bangkok in January to marry Private Paul Collins, who was on leave there from the 6th Battalion.

It certainly surprised Army officials.

In Brisbane, Rita, a presser in the huge laundry

of the Royal Brisbane Hospital, machine-ironed about 120 pairs of doctors' white trousers, jackets, or nurses' uniforms a day.

In civilian life, Paul is a Brisbane postman. Soon he'll be back on his round, rather different from his role as a National Serviceman in Vietnam. He was in an anti-tank platoon — and most of the time a forward scout.

The decision for Rita to fly to Bangkok was a mutual one when Paul found he could spend five days' leave there.

Rita said, "I wanted to see Paul, and I've always wanted to travel. We decided that if we could we'd be married there."

"It would be six months

before he came home, and Paul said it would save making all the arrangements then."

Rita flew to Sydney to get her visas from the Thai Consul — she said, "without any trouble" — and things went swimmingly.

By JEAN BRUCE

At Sydney airport she met Miss Wadee Komkris, a Thai girl flying home on holiday from Canberra.

The two girls got talking and became friends on the journey. In Bangkok, Miss Komkris was bridesmaid at Rita's wedding; her father gave Rita away.

But on arrival in Bang-

kok, Rita struck a real snag — she couldn't find Paul.

"You see," she explained, "I didn't know where I would be staying in Bangkok until I got to Sydney. Paul didn't know where he would be until he got to Bangkok."

Paul was in Bangkok when Rita arrived, but this didn't show on official listings, so while she waited for Paul at the airport he was looking for her.

Finally he was traced as having booked in at the Army's R. & R. (Rest and Recreation centre) — not that he was resting or relaxing.

Rita received the good news at 9 p.m. at the airport and left for her hotel.

"I was very hungry by that time," she said. "I was having dinner at 10.30 in the hotel restaurant when Paul walked in."

Apart from all other treasured memories of their wedding in Thailand, Rita and Paul will always remember the unusual church the ceremony took place in — the first Catholic church built in Thai-style in Bangkok, the church of the American Redemptorist Fathers.

Rita wore a dress of white crystal nylon with a short veil. Paul was in civilian clothes, and an Army mate, Brian Pollock, was best man.

Three wonderful days of carefree sightseeing and holi-

day followed. "But," said Rita, "it wasn't nearly long enough. I want to go back some day."

The honeymoon over, Rita flew home to Brisbane and her laundry job. Paul went back to Vietnam.

When they were reunited in Brisbane six months later, it was a sunny day for Rita in more ways than one. It was the city's first really fine day after the worst floods in 100 years.

Now they're looking forward to settling down in a home of their own and Rita is saving up again.

Not for travel. "For electrical equipment and other things we'll need in the house."



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — 1967

● Wedding day, right, with bridesmaid Miss Wadee Komkris, whom Rita met on the flight to Bangkok, and best man Brian Pollock. Left, pictured on a sampan during their Bangkok honeymoon.





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# FIRST-CLASS WAR REPORT

● "Days of Destiny," the special TCN9 "Project '67" screened last week about the war in Israel, is certainly the best war documentary of the year. It is splendid. It is TV at its peak.

Television

By NAN MUSGROVE

THE title "Days of Destiny" was not, I think, a good one. It should have been called "John Dixon's War" — it was such a real, such a personal documentary.

I talked to Dixon on the telephone a few hours before the film went on TV. He had been back in Sydney three days.

In those three days the film was cut from 11,000 feet

to 2000 feet, and Dixon, who directed it, had written the script and narrated it.

He was worn out and he just said in answer to my question that he hoped the film would be all right.

TV had already had a great deal of newsreel coverage of the Israeli war and I asked, did he have anything different?

"I wouldn't know," he said, "it's just what happened to us."

Dixon is an Australian. Seen in his film, he's a

thin-faced, beaky-nosed man who looked as if he might have been part of the Israeli Army in his bush hat and safari jacket.

He has an observant eye, a dry, succinct turn of phrase, and a quality of genuineness and persuasion that makes people accept him and gets him places.

One of the places it got him and his team was into an armored column as it advanced into Syria. Dixon was out in front leaning on a truck when there was a big hostile explosion down the road. He just flinched and went on.

Dixon and his team, Keith Wagstaff, the cameraman ("One of the best," Dixon said), and Garry Popper, the sound man, got into Jordan, Syria, the Old City of Jerusalem, zig-zagged across the Sinai Desert, and ended up at the Suez Canal.

They interviewed tank teams, members of what Dixon described as "that unique invention, the Israeli Army," and while the sniper's bullets were still flying the colonel of the parachute battalion that took Gaza.

Smiling portraits of Nasser still adorned the walls, and the colonel, a young,

tough-looking character, was high in a tower with the whole city spread beneath him. He was talking to Dixon about the way they came into the ancient city.

"We came in from the south," he said, "and dropped over there. We came in the way they didn't expect us — through those orange trees and the olive groves."

His remarks and the old Holy Land lying in the TV camera's eye seemed to put the whole thing into its unhappy 1967 frame.

Millions of words could be written about "Days of Destiny," but it speaks for itself. Dixon got his deserved congratulations with its repeat 48 hours later.

★ ★ ★

"THE Bert Newton Show,"

Channel 9's latest addition to Saturday night viewing, is a sad old variety show. There is nothing original in it. Indeed, it reminded me of that ghastly repository, the miscellaneous file, to which all-overs without a special place are consigned.



JOHN DIXON (see story) is a major in Australia's CMF. Soon after the screening of "Days of Destiny," on TCN9, American and British TV interests requested prints of the film.

## "Holy red snapper" — it's Batman!

ALL I can say about ATN7's "Batman," after two episodes, and taking my note from Batman himself, is "Heavens to Betsy!"

Batman is American millionaire Bruce Wayne, who fights the forces of evil and triumphs over it episode after episode.

Batman has other admirable qualities. He upholds the law at all times, he doesn't touch alcohol, he doesn't smoke. He has a clean tongue and never uses

bad oaths or nasty words.

"Holy red snapper," "Holy haberdashery," and "Holy belt buckle" are some of his favorites.

Batman is an excursion into the world of the comic strip and don't hold him against TV. Batman first appeared 27 years ago as a comic book and has been popular, on and off, ever since.

As a TV serial, I don't think I will watch it avidly, but if I ever want to escape into the world of Saturday arvo at the local flicks and the next episode of the serial, I'll know where to turn.

READ TV TIMES FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS

## TOMMY HANLON'S

### Thought for the week

Momma once said: "I think one of the reasons why you like the Australian people so much, and why they have accepted you, is that you and they have the same psychology."

I'm not what you could call lazy, but I try not to worry. I think (although it may not be grammatically correct) one of the nicest expressions I have ever heard is, "She'll be right" — in other words, it will work itself out. How many times have you worried yourself almost sick about a problem you thought you had, only to have it turn out to be not a problem at all? So try not to worry, and remember this:

MOMMA'S MORAL: "There's no point in beating your head against the wall. All you get is a headache, and chip the paint off the wall."

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LEFT: Clarence, the cross-eyed lion of "Daktari," with Daktari (Marshall Thompson) and daughter Paula (Cheryl Miller).

## CROSS-EYED LION AND CHIMPANZEE STARS OF "DAKTARI"

• "Daktari" may be seen in Sydney on TCN9, Mondays, 7 p.m.; in Melbourne, GTV9, Mondays, 7.30 p.m., and in other capital cities later.

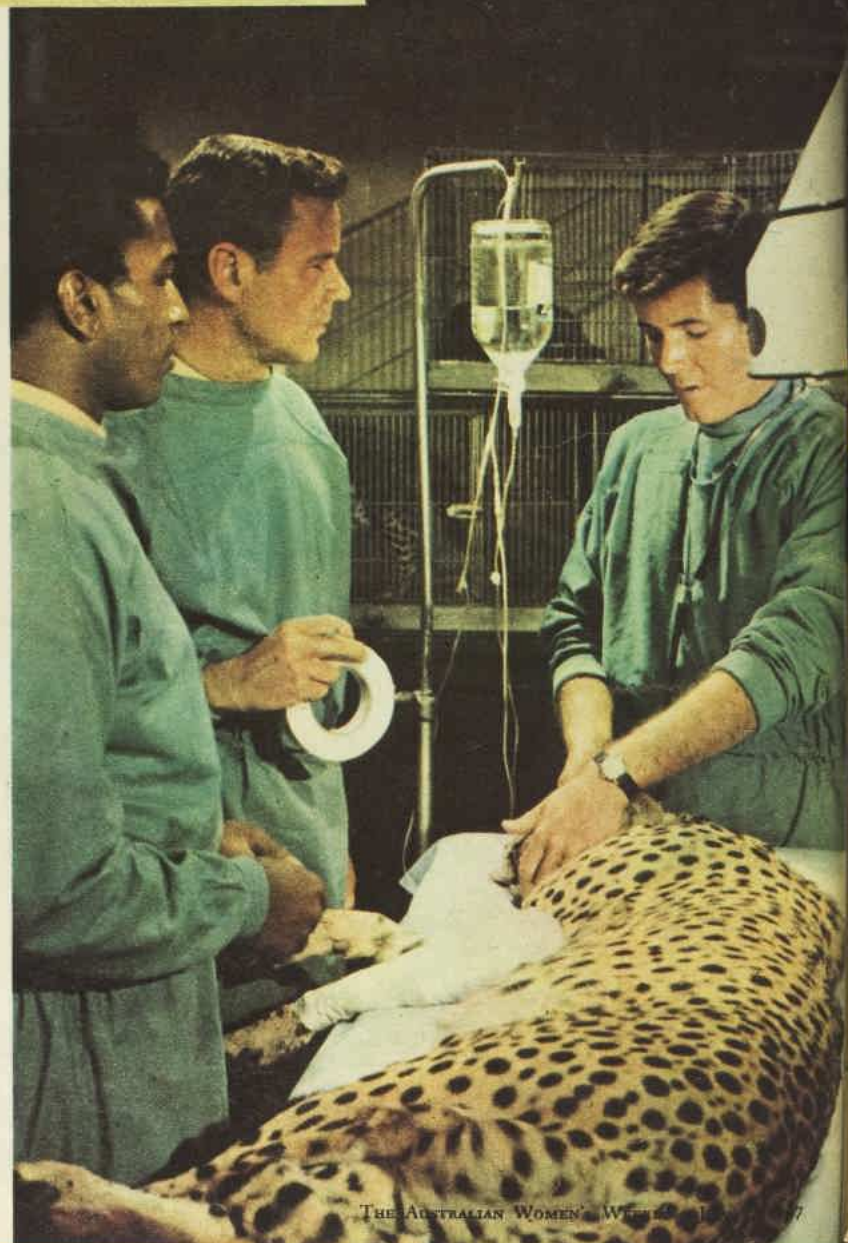


ABOVE: Paula Tracy, Daktari's daughter (pretty Cheryl Miller), handles the wild animals confidently.

RIGHT: Daktari treats a cheetah. Holding its head is Jack Dane; at foot, assistant Mike (Hari Rhodes).

• "Daktari," a new exciting TV animal series, is the story of a scientist, Dr. Tracy, who has dedicated his life to preserving wildlife in Africa. Dr. Tracy, known to the natives as "Daktari" (the Swahili word for doctor), sets up a centre for the study of animal behaviour in the jungle. Living with him are his daughter Paula, assistant Jack Dane, and a native staff. Also living with him are the real stars — Clarence, the cross-eyed lion, and Judy, the chimpanzee, two of the most amazing trained animal performers I have seen. The series is made in Africa and the U.S.A.

—NAN MUSGROVE







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NEW! Old-Fashioned Vegetable Soup

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SIGN protects the day-sleepers at Siding Spring, above left; above right, the old trig site which was on Siding Spring before Mr. Blackburn. Right, view of the Warrumbungles from Siding Spring.

# SPACE PIONEERS MOVE IN



OLD HOMESTEAD which Mr. William Blackburn built nearly 60 years ago. He is pictured with his son Owen, daughter-in-law Ann, and grandchildren Brendon, Milton, Melinda, Jenny.

## GIANT TELESCOPE FOR STUDYING THE SKIES

• The Minister for Education and Science, Senator Gorton, recently announced that the Australian and British Governments had agreed to go ahead with plans for building a 150-inch, \$11 million, optical telescope in Australia.

WORK will start on the project—the biggest so far in Australian science—next year. It should be operating by 1973.

The announcement culminates a 20-year campaign by leading Australian astronomers, who were worried by brilliant astronomers going overseas because of inadequate equipment here.

Professor Bart Bok, until 1966 the Director of the Commonwealth Solar Observatory, Mount Stromlo, and now Professor of Astronomy at the University of Arizona, U.S., hailed the announcement as wonderful news.

At present Australia's biggest telescope, 74in., at Mt. Stromlo, is inadequate for studying objects such as quasars and the embryonic galaxies, the Clouds of Magellan.

CSIRO radio astronomers, who were the first to discover quasars (space bodies about which little is yet known), are being forced to go to the big telescopes in America to confirm their discoveries.

The new telescope will be able to see thousands of millions of light years into space and will enable a much more detailed study of the southern skies.

The Anglo-Australian Control Board appointed to administer the project wants to establish in Australia a special workshop to grind and polish its giant mirror, for transporting the large lens from England could be risky.

Costs, including \$200,000 a year to operate the telescope, will be shared equally with Britain, and the facilities will be shared by British and Australian astronomers when the project is ready.

A HOT autumn sun was blazing down from a cloudless sky the day we went with William Blackburn up to the Observatory Field Station at Siding Spring, 18 miles out of Coonabarabran, N.S.W.

Five years earlier he had sold 30 acres of his land to the Commonwealth Government, and now it had been picked as the site for an \$11 million giant telescope, the biggest in the Southern Hemisphere, and equal-second largest in the world.

The mountain top, pioneered nearly 60 years ago by the old man, offers 200 nights a year of clear observation, and this new telescope, astronomers say, will help open up study of the Southern Hemisphere skies, including the Milky Way and the Magellanic Clouds.

William Blackburn is a sparse man who carries his 85 years lightly. His eyes needed no glasses to pinpoint well-remembered landmarks, and he was happy to point out the spot where the

new telescope would probably be positioned.

"I didn't think of space-pioneering 60 years ago," he chuckled as he sat on a rock, took off his hat, and mopped his brow. "I was too busy chasing those darned dingoes away to think of anything else."

"No, my kind of pioneering was a different kind to this — this is something beyond my ken, but it makes a man feel proud to know that the land he chose will play an important part in the world."

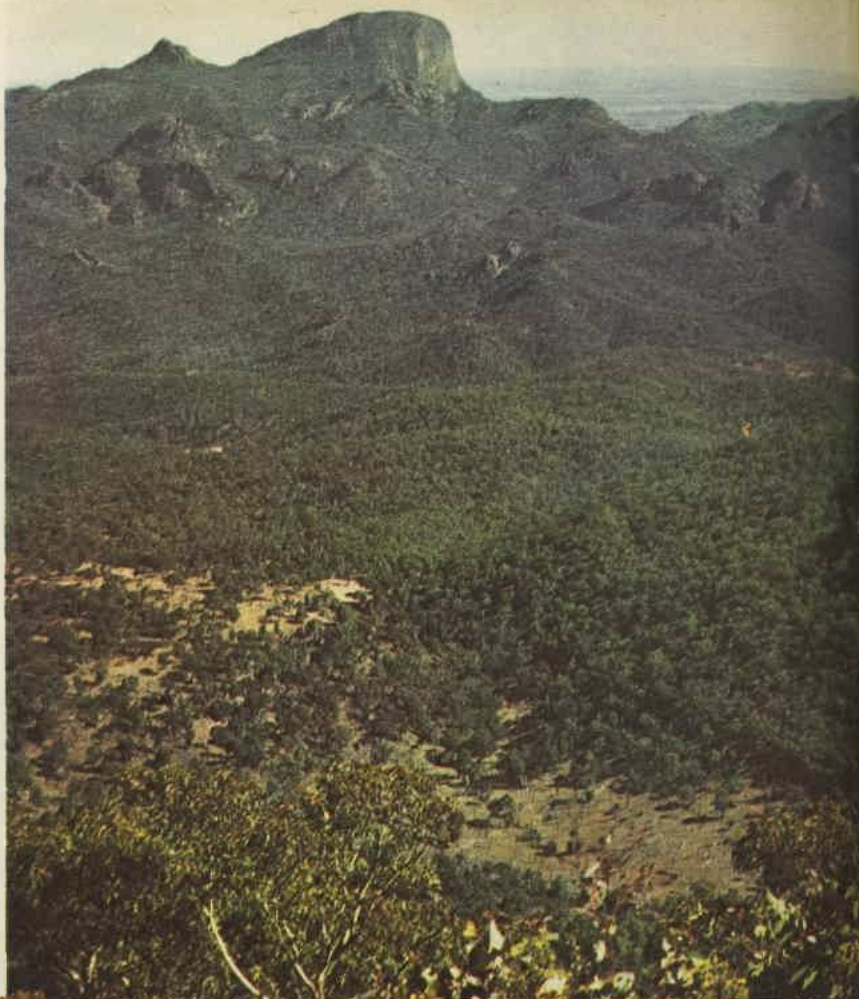
He looked around at the vast piece of Australia lying at the foot of the mountain on which he sat, 3800 feet above the level of the sea.

The Warrumbungle Ranges sheered majestically on one side, the Liverpool Plains lay shimmering in the heat on the other. In the distance, he said, you could pick out Gunnedah, Grattai, Narrabri, Gilgandra, Coonamble, Baradine.

The panorama is so vast that words like "timeless," "waiting," "primeval" go through your mind.

Down in the valley, almost directly below, William Blackburn had cleared land, yarded his sheep to ward off the hungry, marauding dingoes, and built a homestead out of rough sawn timber for his wife and 12 children.

Today, he sat in the sun remembering. Silhouetted



# WHERE ONCE





# THE DINGOES HOWLED

behind him, three huge silver domes raised inquiring eyes to the skies above.

"I spent a lot of time up here over the years.

"See the Warrumbungles over there? When I was a lad I used to climb them, and I know practically every inch of them.

"This mountain was called Woorut then. That trig site on the mound of stones was there when I came here. That's how they surveyed land in those days.

"Of course, today, it is all done by planes. There have been so many changes these past years."

William Blackburn himself was one of 12 children. His mother met his father when she came out from England to act as governess to the police magistrate's family at Coonabarabran.

"Cost her \$20 to come out. Told me she took one look at the four buildings—which was Coonabarabran, then—and would gladly have paid \$20 to get out," he said, laughing.

"One of the things that stuck in her memory for ever was her first meal. Corned beef and pumpkin—and the pumpkin had been boiled with the skin left on it.

"She was a wonderful woman. My father, who settled at Warkton on the Beralia River more than 100 years ago, died when I was two, but she kept the property going and brought us all up.

"When I was a lad I decided to strike out on my own. When I picked out Mopra down there in the valley, with the mountains all round it, everybody called me a fool.

"My youngest son, Owen, has it now, and there are still nearly 3000 acres of it.

"I have property at Mendooran, which another of my sons is taking over soon, and that will mean my four boys are on the land."

There was no road out to his property when William Blackburn first settled there. He made his way through the rough bush by bullock dray.

By  
**GLORIA NEWTON**

At first he left his wife, who was expecting their first child, with his mother, and camped in the valley while he cleared the land and built sheepyards.

"Bad luck nearly ruined me in the first few months. One Sunday morning when I saddled up a mare to ride home she caught her foot in one of the paddock's roots, and over she went with my leg under her.

"She struggled to her feet and took off for about 30 yards, trailing me along by my foot caught in the stirrup. When I managed to get hold of the reins and pull her in I found I had broken my leg.

"It was early in the morning and there was not a soul around — when I told a doctor about this, years later, he said that in my position he would have shot himself.

"But I somehow got myself up in the saddle and made for the town. The first slip-rail I came to I tried to jump the mare, but she balked, so I had to get off, open it, and, being a good bushman, close it.

"Believe me, there were plenty of sliprails along the track to Coonabarabran then.

"Luckily I was halfway there when I struck a fellow with a sulky, who gave me a lift the rest of the way.

"I remember I was in such intense pain that I didn't close my eyes for ten days. Then I spent 14 weeks on crutches, worrying like the devil about my sheep.

"Sure enough, when I did get back to Mopra the dingoes had given themselves a good feast.

"But the people around here were good to me. They knew I was ambitious and trying to make a go, so a man I had done some shearing for trusted me with a few sheep, and that put me back on my feet.

"It was about then that I put up the homestead. I built it out of rough sawn timber from around the property and, although today the young 'uns have moved out of it into a more modern place, it is still as sound as the day I built it.



"I had a wonderful wife. Ida was born and bred in the country, and she was a true pioneer wife.

"Why, she wore out about four sewing machines making all the children's clothes. And she helped me around the property, same as all good country women do.

"She thought the world of our kids. The only time she ever saw them all together under the one roof was at our golden wedding. Our eldest daughter's first baby arrived the day after Owen was born.

"For a while there was a little school at Timor Rocks,

only a few miles away, but when that closed we had to board the kids in town.

"Then I bought a house, and the eldest girl looked after them while my wife spent her time between town and the property.

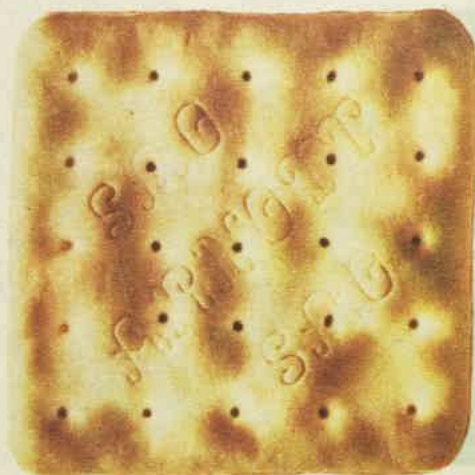
"She died about 12 months ago. Now I live in the house on my own and look after the beautiful garden she loved so very much.

"I can look back on a full and happy life. I have 12 wonderful children and, I think, 48 grandchildren — what more could any man want from his life?"

**WILLIAM BLACKBURN** on Siding Spring with his son Owen's children. From left, Milton, 8; Brendon, 10; Jenny, 4; Melinda, 5. Pictures by Ron Berg



# crisp



# energy



Playtime is energy-time! So give them the crisp energy team: Arnott's Sao Biscuits spread with VEGEMITE from KRAFT.



# team



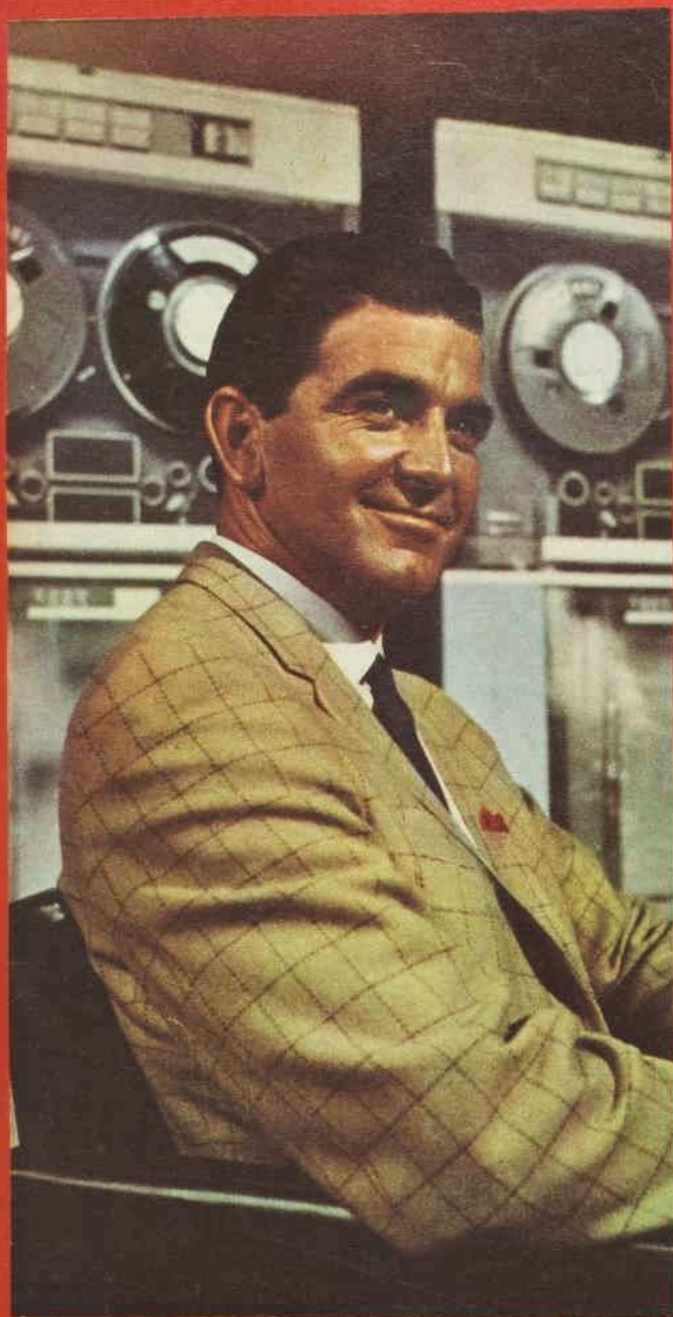
## Arnott's SAO biscuits with VEGEMITE from KRAFT team together for a crisp energy-giving snack!

**Crisp, fresh, satisfying.** Arnott's Sao Biscuits make all the crisp difference to snacks and lunches. Very satisfying, too. Team Sao with cheese or ham or tomato. But for extra energy try tasty VEGEMITE Yeast Extract. Simply spread it over and bite right in — Sao makes all the crisp difference!

**It's called "the energy spread"!** That's VEGEMITE. Children need it, teenagers need it, adults need it — because a fifth of an ounce of VEGEMITE Yeast Extract supplies half their daily requirements of the B group energy vitamins. Serving Arnott's Sao? Simply serve with VEGEMITE, from KRAFT.







# YOU HAVE A DATE WITH HUNTER

**PLACE:** NATIONAL NINE NETWORK

**MESSAGE:** Hunter, a brand new spy-tingling Australian television series. Who is Hunter? How does he operate? Hunter lives in a world of danger. His job - Counter Intelligence agent. He fears no one - deadly weapons, beautiful women - Hunter takes on the toughest assignment. Watch out when you make a date with HUNTER.

**DETAILS:** Meet HUNTER on...

TCN 9 at 7.30 Thursday night, July 6.

GTV 9 at 7.30 Wednesday night, July 5.

NWS, 9 at 7.30 Tuesday night, July 4.

QTQ 9 at 7.30 Saturday night, July 8.

HUNTER will also be operating in...Perth, Hobart, Canberra, Albury, Wollongong, Newcastle, Townsville and Rockhampton.

HUNTER sponsored nationally for your entertainment by AMPOL



The Australian company

**NATIONAL NINE NETWORK**





# AUSTRALIAN ALMANAC

● A weekly series by Bill Beatty

PRINCESS ROYAL SAILING CLUB, Little Grove, Albany, in King George's Sound, W.A. Picture by Miss R. Gibbons, South Porongorups, W.A.

## JULY 2

**1831** Death of Isaac Smith, first Englishman to land on the east coast of Australia. Smith was a young midshipman on the Endeavour. Captain Cook found him of great use in helping to make surveys, plans, and drawings. When the landing party approached the unknown shores of Botany Bay, Isaac Smith was seated in the bow of the ship's boat. As it was rowed in, Cook, wishing to show his appreciation of the lad, called, "Now, then, Isaac, you go first!" and Isaac jumped on to a rock which is still on the beach at Kurnell.

**1851** Gold discovered at Clunes. The Victorian town was the site of one of the first two goldfields in the State. When the Geelong "Advertiser" published the news that James Esmonds had found gold in payable quantities, one of the first major goldrushes in Australia followed.

**1856** Marking of the Gregory tree. A large baobab tree near the Victoria River, in the Northern Territory, bears this date and the wording "Letter in oven." It is said to have been made by A. C. Gregory's expedition before leaving to search for lost explorer Leichhardt.

**1900** China Naval Contingent left for the Boxer Rebellion. Sir William Lyne, Premier of New South Wales, received a cable from the Colonial Office suggesting that vessels of the Australian Squadron should be sent to China to help quell the Boxer Rebellion. Lyne agreed and the Wallaroo left Port Jackson for China. The Government of South Australia offered the Protector and the Victorian Government offered 200 men with field guns. Both offers were accepted.

## JULY 3

**1850** Turning of the first sod of the Sydney-Goulburn railway line.

**1854** Foundation stone of University of Melbourne laid.

## JULY 4

**1851** Maiden voyage of the pioneer clipper Marco Polo from London to Melbourne. The handsome, powerful-looking sailing ship with her towering masts and massive figurehead was a notable "first" in Australia's maritime history. She was the first clipper ship specially built for the Australian trade in that era of the golden "fifties" to speed new citizens to Australia and to hasten back the new-found gold and the new-grown wool.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 5, 1967

The Marco Polo carried 930 migrants, all bound for the goldfields, and she reached Melbourne in the record time of 68 days. To a deputation of worried passengers who begged him to shorten sail, Captain "Bully" Forbes jovially roared: "It's hell or Melbourne!"

**1854** Rising against Chinese at Bendigo suppressed. Trouble broke out at an early stage on the Victorian goldfields between the white miners and the Chinese, who had been brought into the country as laborers, but who decamped to the fields almost as soon as they landed. There were 42,000 Chinese in Victoria in 1858-59. A public meeting of Europeans on the Bendigo field decided that "a general and unanimous rising should take place for the purpose of driving the Chinese population off the Bendigo goldfields." Prompt action by the authorities prevented serious trouble.

**1903** Women's Suffrage Bill in New South Wales received Royal Assent.

## JULY 5

**1822** Agricultural (later Royal) Society of New South Wales founded. Sydney's Royal Agricultural Show, one of the greatest annual spectacles of its kind in the world, had its beginnings in a fair held at Parramatta. This marketing venture was so successful that the colony's leading agriculturists decided to organise.

The first award made by the society was a silver tankard given to Jonas Bradley, of Windsor, the following year for 1cwt. of negro-head tobacco.

**1884** Wreck of the yacht Mignonette. A former New South Wales Attorney-General, a yachting enthusiast, purchased a luxury yacht in England named the Mignonette and employed a captain, two seamen, and a cabin-boy to sail the craft to Sydney. The vessel ran into a violent storm and was wrecked in mid-Atlantic. Captain and crew escaped in the lifeboat and drifted for days until all food and water were gone. Then, maddened by hunger and thirst, the men turned cannibal and killed the cabin-boy, eating his flesh and drinking his blood. Four days later they were picked up by a passing ship and returned to England, where they were charged with murder. They put in a plea of justifiable homicide, saying that the 17-year-old boy was chosen as the victim because they had to consider their wives and families. They were sentenced to death, but later reprieved and imprisoned for six months. A ballad on the subject soon became popular in Australia:

*On the Atlantic Ocean  
Starving night and day,  
Death will be your portion  
Unless the boy you slay.*

*Amid the waves and billows  
His life they did destroy,  
And now in heaven dwells  
the soul  
Of Dick the cabin-boy.*

## JULY 6

**1855** Opening of the Melbourne Theatre Royal with "The School For Scandal." It later presented Lola Montez.

**1863** Northern Territory transferred from New South Wales to South Australia.

**1915** Death of Lawrence Hargrave, aeronautical pioneer. Hargrave was assistant astronomical observer at Sydney Observatory when he retired to devote the rest of his life to research work, in particular on human flight.

Between 1884 and 1892, Hargrave experimented with monoplane models constructed of light wood and tissue paper. Some were propelled by flapping wings and others by a primitive airscrew. The motive power was at various times clockwork, rubber bands in tension, compressed air, and steam. In 1889, he constructed a rotary aeroplane engine, driven by compressed air, which anticipated the invention, in 1908, of the Gnome rotary engine. In 1894, on the beach at Stanwell Park, four of his box-kites lifted him 16ft. from the ground. Undoubtedly Hargrave's discovery of the cellular kite and his investigations into the superiority of curved-wing surfaces played a major part in European experimental work leading to the first public flight in 1906.

## JULY 7

**1841** Explorer John Eyre reached King George's Sound, W.A., overland from Adelaide.

## JULY 8

**1857** First public meeting held in Brisbane in favor of separation from the colony of New South Wales.

**1881** Arrival in Sydney of Prince Albert Victor, 17, and Prince George, 15, sons of the Prince of Wales (later King Edward VII), who were serving as midshipmen aboard HMS Bacchante.

The story of their voyages—"The Cruise of the Bacchante, 1879-1882"—based on the princes' diaries and letters states that during the passage from Melbourne to Sydney on a clear starlit night they sighted the Flying Dutchman; the phantom sailing ship was reputedly seen by 13 men.





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Luxurious softness, "full-length safety shield."  
Unique "channel" for instant absorbency.

Choose from Modess **Regular**, **Super**, slim **Vee-Form\***  
and new **Blue Shield** napkins.  
And, for complete security, a Modess\* belt.



**Johnson & Johnson**

Regd. Trade Marks

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 5, 1967



# CRAZY FASHIONS FROM PARIS



● Mad fun fashions are the hot news for spring, '67. Examples above, shown by international mannequins, sell in top Paris boutiques. Front, sitting, Nanna (Germany), in Dior's exotic orange evening pyjamas. Second row, left to right, Vita (Denmark), in Real's low-belted one-piece, Ingrid (Sweden), in Beatrex's silver pants suit, Albanne (France), in Dior's green shorts and matching top, Amanda (England), in Yves St. Laurent's famous smoking-jacket suit, Yasmin (Morocco), in Rabanne's paper evening dress, and Carol (America), in V. de V.'s green nylon slacks suit. Back row, left to right; Pirkko (Finland) wears an amusing paper formal by Paco Rabanne, Kellie (America), in Gaminerie's black mini-dress, Agnata (England), in Real's black-and-white one-piece, and Eija (Finland), in a long-sleeved, silver-paper design by Harry Lans.



# THE BRIDE WEARS WHITE

● New elegance is seen in these four superb bridal fashions. The dress minus a train worn with an important veil is the '67 look for brides. Traditional white is in fashion and there's a great come-back for the all-white wedding. For the bride who likes a new gesture is the glamorous look of a white fur trim.

—BETTY KEEP

● Bridal dress in white velvet has a circle of white mink at the neckline. Mink is also used in the circular headdress.



● Slender-line satin bridal sheath is worn with a long-sleeved lace bolero. Pearls are twined in the upswept coif. A tulle veil completes outfit.



● Beautiful A-line wedding dress. The white artificial roses in the bridal bouquet are repeated for the headdress. The veil is tulle.

● Empire-line dress (below) made in superb all-over-embroidered sheer. Ruffles trim sleeves and the long tulle veil is floor-sweeping.





# SITMAR

## THE **FUN** WAY TO



The fun way to Europe and U.K. is by sea, by Sitmar.

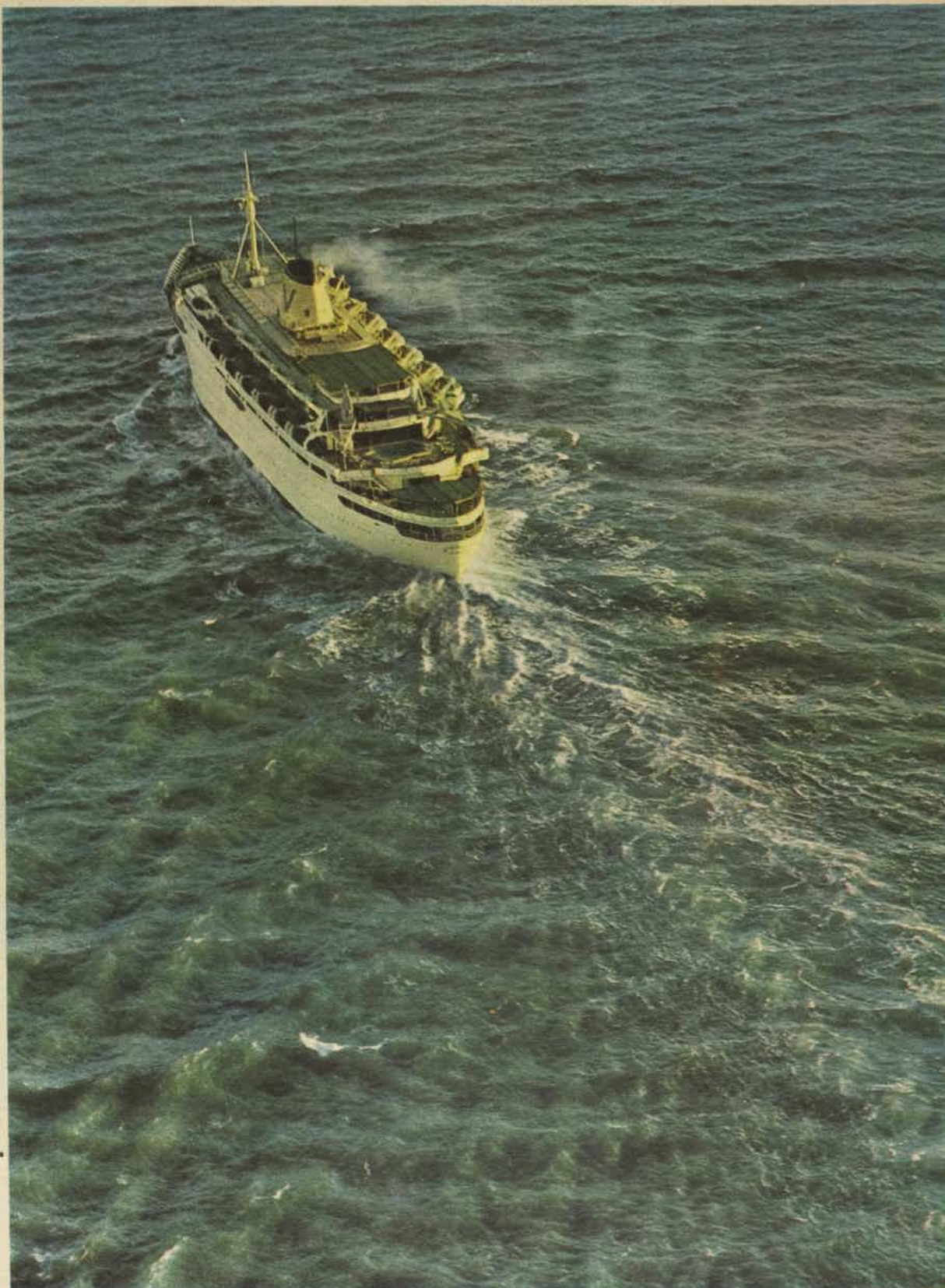
It's the way for the young-at-heart, for the people who like people.

The four big Sitmar liners... Fairsea, Fairsky, Castel Felice and Fairstar... are all one class, all air-conditioned.

They sail 20 times a year to Europe and U.K., via Suez or Panama, with stops at many fascinating ports of call.

These trips offer you fine food, non-stop entertainment, games, sport and sight seeing for five wonderful weeks.

Ask any Travel Agent for free colour literature and sailing schedules.







AN OXCART, Colombo, port of call for Canberra on the return voyage.



EUROPEAN highlight, Grand Canal, Venice. St. Mark's in the background.

# OUR WORLD TOUR, 1968



TOUR SHIP the Orcades, of the P & O line, in Sydney Harbor. Tour members have the run of the ship. They will return in the Canberra or Oriana.

● Once you decide to be a member of our World Discovery Tour, all you have to do is your packing.

FROM the minute you pay your deposit—which secures a berth aboard the Orcades when it sails from Sydney on February 4—you can sit back and relax and start reading up on the places you'll visit.

Our tour, which is excellent value, gives you almost five months of travel through 22 countries for the basic price of only \$1708 (N.Z.£716).

Compare this with regular shipping fares to and from England (which were recently increased) and you'll be pleasantly surprised, for your \$1708 also covers a 23-day coach tour of eight European countries, 13 nights' accommodation in London hotels, and a seven-day coach

tour of England and Scotland.

As well as having the complete run of the excellent P & O ship Orcades, you will have the shipboard services of your own Tour Director, who travels with you and returns with you in the Canberra, to ensure your tour's complete success.

A small point, but an important one, is the fact that you don't even have to worry about your own luggage—provided you take only a reasonable amount. Your tour price covers the portage of two average-size suitcases on your initial arrival and final departure from London and one average-size case per person during your two coach tours.

Your travel agent will even arrange to secure your passport for you before you leave, though a small charge is made for this service.

A large number of shore excursions are available in each of the ports you'll visit on the way to England (Guam, Kobe, Tokyo, Honolulu, Los Angeles, Acapulco, Panama, Cristobal, Miami, and Madeira), and on the return voyage (Gibraltar, Athens, Port Said, Aden, Colombo, and Singapore).

relatives in England and Europe.

If you feel you don't need this extra time, you may return home on an earlier sailing in the Oriana.

Already two-berth accommodation has been held on this earlier sailing, and you will receive a credit for your unused London hotel accommodation against improved cabin accommodation.

## Embarkation

The tour ship Orcades first picks up passengers in Fremantle on January 16, 1968, and, after a stop at Melbourne, continues to Sydney, where Western Australian passengers have the choice of temporarily disembarking or taking advantage of the ten-day Sydney-Wellington-Melbourne-Sydney voyage at an additional charge of \$64.

However, this January 16 departure from Perth may not suit everyone, so, to facilitate a later departure from Perth, limited first-class connecting rail travel at a concessional fare is available on January 27 for embarkation in Melbourne or in Sydney on January 31.

New Zealand passengers join the ship at Wellington on January 27. South Australians and Victorians join the Orcades in Melbourne on January 30, and on February 4 the ship picks up New South Wales and remaining Western Australian passengers in Sydney.

After a call at Brisbane on February 6-7, the ship then sails for the duty-free port of Guam, and on to Japan.

After arrival in England on March 21, you have a few days in which to explore London. Some sightseeing tours are already included.

Later you begin a wonderful 23-day coach tour which takes you through Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, Austria, Italy, Monaco, and France.

Highlights of this tour are the two days and three nights you spend in Paris and the two days and three nights in Rome, and visits to Florence, Nice, and Monte Carlo.

On your return to London you have another few days in which to enjoy this city before you set off again on a tour of England and Scotland. For seven days you travel through the most historic and scenic parts of these two countries. There are two days and two nights in Edinburgh.

Your return home is in the Canberra, which calls at Gibraltar before paying a visit to Piraeus.

From Suez and Aden the ship calls at Colombo, then duty-free Singapore, where there's ample time for last-minute souvenir shopping.

## In the dumps yesterday...



## On her toes today...

Anne stole the show with her solo from Swan Lake today. "But yesterday", says Anne's mother, "she wouldn't eat her dinner and was so cranky. Last night I thought of Laxettes. Now look at her, her appetite's back, and she's really on her toes!" Mother Nature usually keeps children regular. But when Nature forgets, remember Laxettes. Milk chocolate Laxettes restore your child's regularity overnight. Each chocolate square contains an exact dose of gentle, tasteless laxative. Laxettes tonight. Tomorrow they're right. Only 35 cents (3/6)



## New French Formula has arrived!



By Eugene

## rats and mice go! raticide

A NEW KIND OF POISON, SIMPLER, CLEANER, TOTALLY EFFECTIVE

You'll buy it in a roll. Slip off 3 to 6 single confections as you need it. Rats and mice cannot resist it, and the way it works there's no smell over. CHEMISTS • HARDWARE STORES • DEPARTMENTAL STORES Trade Enquiries: RATICIDE COMPANY, 128 Castlereagh St., SYDNEY, N.S.W. Phone: 25-2122

## HOW TO BOOK

New South Wales—A.C.T.: World Travel Headquarters Pty. Ltd., 33-35 Bligh Street, Sydney. Telephone 28-4841.

Northern N.S.W.: Jays Travel Service Pty. Ltd., 285 Hunter Street, Newcastle. Telephone 2-5191.

Victoria—Tasmania: World Travel Headquarters Pty. Ltd.: C.M.L. Building, 330 Collins Street, Melbourne. Telephone 67-7481.

Queensland — Northern Territory — New Guinea: Universal Travel Company, 93 Creek Street, Brisbane. Telephone 2-3008.

South Australia: King's Travel Agency Pty. Ltd., 30 Currie Street, Adelaide. Telephone 51-2146.

Western Australia: Westfarmers Travel Service, 569 Wellington Street and 14 Terrace Arcade, Perth. Telephone 21-0191.

New Zealand: Russel & Somers Limited, 83 Customs Street East, Auckland. Telephone 2-0959.

London Offices: Milbanke House, 104 New Bond Street, London W.1., England. Telephone HYDe Park 8494, GROsvenor 7221.

—OR SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT.



## Should spouses disagree?

IS it disloyal, asks "Surprised," for a wife to disagree with her husband in public on matters of topical interest? Certainly not. However, I have seen many wives belittle their husbands' opinions in public, and I would suggest that any disagreeing should be very tactfully done.

\$2 to I. Kirk, Yagoona, N.S.W.

I BELIEVE in "togetherness," but not to the extent when one marriage partner feels entitled to voice his or her opinion as being those of the two of them. After all, we aren't living in the Victorian age, when father did rule the household, and, thank goodness, the divine right of husbands has never been recognised. I think each is entitled to his or her own opinion. Loyalty is not expressed in blindly following the other one, but in the things which go to make up a real marriage partnership.

\$2 to Mrs. P. Fleming, Chermide, Qld.

IT depends on how you disagree. Do it with tact and humor, then it becomes a discussion, and most likely will be enjoyed. But do it hastily, without thought of another's feelings, in public, and then it hurts, for some people are much more sensitive than others. There is no need to be a yes-woman if you use courtesy and charm.

\$2 to M. E. Legg, Mt. Eliza, Vic.

IN the case of a husband really objecting to his wife voicing her opinions when they do not coincide with his, it would be better for her not to cross him in public. It would be far more embarrassing to have open argument than it would for folk simply to think her quiet and maybe not interested in the topic under discussion.

\$2 to Mrs. V. D. Pansaru, Chillingham, N.S.W.

PEOPLE don't cease to be individuals when the wedding ceremony is performed, and each retains an equal right to state his or her opinion—either at home or when out. A husband often loses a great deal of respect for a wife who shows no desire to think for herself. A differing opinion can be expressed in quite a civilised manner.

\$2 to E.A.G. (name supplied), Katanning, W.A.

NEITHER my husband nor I would consider it our duty to agree with each other in a general discussion. It would be terrible to think that you could state your own opinion if your husband were absent, but must make a show of agreeing with his if he were present.

\$2 to Mrs. R. Hosking, Kempsey, N.S.W.

A WIFE is an individual, not a member of a harem, and she is within her rights to disagree in public with her lord and master on impersonal matters.

\$2 to R.W. (name supplied), Crows Nest, N.S.W.



## LETTER BOX

● We pay \$2 for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

## Quaint names for cats

I SUPPOSE many readers could also give quaint names acquired by their pets who originally were Tom or Kitty, or just plain Puss. "Policeman" earned his because he had a "beat," keeping all other felines from trespassing on his owner's property. "Mozart" loved to run along the piano keys. "Cosy" sat folded up looking for all the world like a teacup. "Moses" was born on the riverbank to an almost blind wild cat, and, like the biblical character, we rescued from the bulrushes.

\$2 to Miss M. King, Beulah Park, S.A.

## Cream for a "queen"

WITH our numerous family to feed and clothe, luxury is not our lot. But I always feel like a queen for a short period each day. After the last member of the family has rushed off in a flurry of goodbyes, and having attended to immediate household chores, I relax with my favorite drink—a cup of strong coffee with all the cream from an unshaken bottle of milk. Then I feel satisfied that I am not missing out on all the blessings of the rich.

\$2 to "Phad" (name supplied), Rockhampton, Qld.

## Her name isn't Mum

WHEN a father is talking to his children, he naturally refers to his wife as Mum. But in conversation with adults, I think it sounds awful. My husband respects my wishes and addresses me by my name, because he knows I would find it demoralising to be called his Mum. The men who keep referring to Mum should stick to their mothers.

\$2 to Mrs. J. Ferguson, Woodford, Qld.

## Husband TOO tidy!

MY husband is a tidiness fiend. So you think that's wonderful? Ha, ha! If the house seems untidy, I'm in hot water, but if I dare to touch anything of his—beware! If I tidy the writing desk, he can't find anything. But if it's left untidy, he can't find anything, either. So stop complaining, you lucky wives who actually are permitted to pick up and put away your husband's possessions. (I am graciously allowed to hang up his clothes.)

\$2 to "Fiend's Wife" (name supplied), Roseville, N.S.W.

## Company wanted

SOME time ago I was roughly shaken and told to stop snoring. Later, still awake, but lying quiet as a mouse, I was surprised to be roughly shaken again, and again told to stop snoring. Since then I have become alerted to the fact that non-sleepers want company.

\$2 to "Tolerance" (name supplied), Peakhurst, N.S.W.

**Ross Campbell**  
writes...

## OLD FAITHFUL

THIS is a simple but heart-warming little story of a man and his typewriter.

I have used the same typewriter ever since I began to type things 28 years ago.

I bought it on the instalment plan, and I remember that the man who called at the office to collect the monthly payments was always somewhat intoxicated. His must have been a depressing job in those days of financial stringency, and no doubt he sought consolation in the bottle.

It is called a portable typewriter, though it is so heavy that you need to be in good nick to carry it any distance. Because of its solid construction it has stood up well to the severe punishment it has received.

Its only faults are that it always types "Britain" as "Britian," and "villain" as "villian." Otherwise it does a sound if undistinguished job.

But in the past year or so, I am ashamed to say, my thoughts began straying to other typewriters.

I saw a photograph of Mr. Alan Yates, author of the famous Carter Brown mystery stories, using a handsome electric typewriter of the latest



design. The idea came to me: After all these years, haven't you outgrown your old machine? Don't you owe it to yourself to step up to an electric model?

Recently, by chance, a friend brought a new electric typewriter into our house for the day.

I leaped at it immediately and

tried it out. Its touch was feather-light, and it produced letters of an evenness and beauty I had never known before.

With the owner's permission, I eagerly set about typing an article on it. I had only done a few sentences, however, when I noticed something disturbing. It was a faint but perceptible hum.

My old typewriter, when I stopped to think, would remain patiently silent. But the ultra-modern machine, even when I was not hitting the keys, gave out this reproachful hum. It seemed to be saying: "Come on, come on! Don't waste my valuable time."

I didn't like being hustled by the hum. Moreover, I found that the new machine, with its delicate touch, made more mistakes. It typed "fown" for "down," "abd" for "and," and "girk" for "girl."

The upshot is that I have given up my ambition to own a glamorous electric typewriter. I am remaining true to the rugged old machine that has worked so loyally and well.

It has years of reliable service left in it yet, as long as I avoid articles about villains in Britian.



## AT LAST

● From August 1 £ s. d. will have no legal standing. All business will be transacted in dollars and cents. Retailers will stop advertising in dual currency.

Gone with the sovereign, the lingering guinea,  
(Ancient and treasured professional fee),  
Gone from the purse, whether swollen or skinny,  
Gone and good riddance, old £ s. d.

Banish confusion with cheers and with hollers,  
Exit duplicity, welcome the new!  
Everything's simpler with pricing in dollars,  
(But when will I cease from dividing by two?)

—Dorothy Drain

## Large and small of it

IN reply to the letter about the large lady with the small suitcase, the small lady with the large suitcase, and the question of excessive weight at the airport baggage counter. Probably this large person paid full fares on trams and trains when the small person was still travelling half-price. I have often noticed large children being questioned about the validity of their ages by officials.

\$2 to Mrs. N. Matson, Frankston, Vic.

## "Hidden selves" in letters

SINCE my marriage I have been living some distance from my former home, and have been surprised at the way both friends and relatives have shown, in letters, completely new sides to their personalities. Even people I thought I knew well have revealed these "hidden selves," making it appear that many of us can express ourselves more successfully on paper than in conversation.

\$2 to "Mrs. S." (name supplied), Queenstown, Tas.

## Impressing the boyfriend

JUST before leaving for work this morning, my 16-year-old daughter told me to set my hair, tidy the lounge, sew a button on her coat, lay out her brother's train set, see that Dad looked nice, and put some flowers in the vase to make a good impression on Prince Charming.

\$2 to "Teener's Mum" (name supplied), Glen Waverley, Vic.

## New Powerful Insecticide Is Guaranteed Safe

THERE is now available in Australia an insecticide totally effective against all insect pests, that is guaranteed safe, as it does not contain any poisonous active ingredient to harm the lungs and delicate tissue.

This means that it can be sprayed with complete safety near food or where food is stored and near children and pets.

Survival of insect pests is not possible, because the powerful fume action of the Pea-Beu insecticide penetrates deep into remote corners and crevices killing all insect pests on contact, an action described by one observer "as if by an electric shock." No insect is immune to its deadly action.

Pea-Beu contains the safest of all insect-killing substances (ingredients) known, yet the strongest, most effective killing substance to all insect pests.

The powerful, safe, Pea-Beu aerosol insecticide is available at chemists and leading stores.



But you can rid yourself of stomach discomfort with the balanced formula of

**DeWitt's**  
ANTACID POWDER OR TABLETS.

Advertisement

## End Dry Skin

Wrinkles form in the colder weather because the skin contracts, making it hard for the little oil ducts to feed and protect the surface skin. Those of you with dry skins should take a little extra care at this time of the year by smoothing oil of Ulan over the face and neck daily before you make-up. This hygroscopic (moisture attracting) oil will give the complexion a healthy, peaches-and-cream bloom, even in winter and is the finest protection against wrinkle dryness. It is also excellent for night-time nourishing.

... Margaret Merril

**CLEARBAD SKIN**

To clear your skin soft and smooth—free from pimples, itching, eczema, red blotches, blotches and lines, use NIXODERM. Get NIXODERM from your chemist. Clears skin while you sleep.





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**Ceylon Tea**

choose 'the tea with the golden taste' from the brands listed at right →





Look for these brands of  
**QUALITY CEYLON TEA**  
at your grocer or supermarket.

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ANDRONICUS RED SEAL and GREEN SEAL  
DALGETY & N.Z. LOAN LTD., ELMHURST No. 1  
DAVID JONES' ST. JAMES SPECIAL and SPECIAL BLEND CEYLON TEA  
GIBSON'S CHOICE CEYLON TEA  
GRIFFITHS' TEA CHEST  
HARRIS No. 10 IMPERIAL  
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They serve a different blend each week and you'll enjoy a delicious luncheon too.

## COMPACT

### HOW TO PINCH YOUR PARSON'S BLANKET

● The Rev. Barrie Howard, superintendent of the West Sydney Methodist Mission, is not called "Hurricane" Howard for nothing.

A man who believes in action when faced with rising costs in the work his Mission is doing in Sydney's Rozelle-Balmmain-Glebe area, Mr. Howard recently came up with a larger-than-life idea for a "rag drive" — one that stretched across the whole of N.S.W.

And he turned for help to the people he believes in — the young.

"I want 500 tons of 'rags' before the year is out," he told them in a letter sent out to church Fellowship movements throughout the State.

To give the drive a competitive spirit, Mr. Howard turned it into a contest—with a prize of a fortnight in Sydney for a boy and girl nominated by the winning Fellowship.

The parson followed up details of the drive with suggestions for gathering in the rags he needed. They included:

● A woolshed dance—admission 50lb. weight per double.  
● Non-attendance, without good reason—20lb.

● You should also fine your minister—if his sermon is too long, confiscate the top blanket from his bed.

The contest starts on July 1 and ends on December 24. The names of the winners will be announced on January 21, 1968.

Consignments, restricted to textile only, can be sent "freight to pay," by goods rail to Darling Harbor Goods Yard, addressed to West Sydney Methodist Mission, 393 Darling St., Balmmain, marked "Used Clothing and Waste Textiles for Charity."

● Denise Dalton (left) and Christine Callinan in the outback during round-Australia trip.

### Wrote travel "book" before their trip

★ Before friends Christine Callinan and Denise Dalton, both Melbourne 23-year-olds, set off round Australia by car, they planned every mile of their way.

The planning—for equipment, finances, and routes—took six months and filled 50 pages of a loose-leaf folder.

Not all of the preparations were on paper.

Getting down to practical things, the girls took a "potted course" in mechanics at a garage in Essendon, the suburb where they live.

Said Christine, a nursing sister: "We went there one night a week after we finished work and learnt to change a tyre and to do basic mechanical repairs."

"We knew we'd be on our own once we went north, and that's why we wanted to learn how to look after the car."

"Before we went on the trip, neither of us knew anything more about cars than how to drive."

"During our six months' planning we thought of, and prepared for, every situation we might meet," said Denise, who is a sales assistant in a firm which sells wholesale dental equipment.

"All our plans really paid off—we never broke down, and the only trouble we had

was when a stone went through the petrol tank.

"But plugging material in our spare-parts kit came to the rescue there."

Among other items they took were a spade, a .22 rifle, a tomahawk, hurricane lamp, portable gas stove, folding table and chairs.

Food was divided into two cardboard cartons. One on the back seat of the car held their supplies for the day so that they could eat lunch, for instance, or a snack while driving along. Another carton, in the boot, held general supplies.

"We made sure we had our greens and vitamin C every day," said Christine.

"We drank tinned fruit juices for breakfast and bought fresh vegetables and meat whenever we could."

The girls kept to a strict budget of \$4 a day for the four months they were on the road. This included the cost of food, petrol, and caravan-park fees. Mostly they camped out in sleeping-bags beside the car.

During their 27,000-mile trip they worked in Cairns and in Perth to replenish their finances.

The girls followed what they call the "classic" route round Australia, driving via Sydney, Cairns, Mt. Isa, Alice Springs, Darwin, Katharine, Ord River, Halls Creek, Broome, Marble Bar, Carnarvon, Perth, Kalgoorlie, the Nullarbor, Port Augusta, and Adelaide.

### WHO GETS ANGRIER—MEN, OR WOMEN?

■ Do women lose their tempers more frequently than men? Or is it the other way round?

Science is on the side of those who maintain that men are the angrier sex.

At least, that's what two recent studies show, according to the American Medical Association.

The Association reports that studies, made at Columbia University and at Oregon State College, show that the average man really loses his temper on an average of six times a week, whereas the average woman gets cranky enough to blow up on an average of three times a week.

Women get mad mostly at other people, because of real or fancied slights and other assorted grievances. Men see red because of the misbehaviour of inanimate objects—a flat tyre, a missed train, a dull razor.

So men get angry twice as often as women. The question remains, though—who gets angrier when angry?



● MISS BUTCHER

### 44 YEARS OF LOVING CARE . . .

A SYDNEY woman, who was with the Dr. Barnardo Homes organisation since its formative years in Australia, recently retired after 44 years' service.

She is Miss Lois Butcher, of Mosman, N.S.W., who began working for the organisation as a teenage secretary in 1923 to work beside Miss Mary Hutchison.

For the past few years she has been Public Relations Officer and has been responsible for several successful money-raising schemes, including the Christmas Card appeal.

A tall, kindly, grey-haired woman, Miss Butcher has endeared herself to many of the 3000 migrant children the organisation has brought to Australia from England. Recently, to mark her retirement, she was the guest-of-honor at a lunch given by many of these migrants.

"A lot of the children are now grandparents, of course," said Miss Butcher.

Over the years Miss Butcher has been a frequent guest at their weddings and christenings.

"It's been wonderful to see how well these people have fitted into Australian life and have made homes for themselves."

"Originally, the organisation started more as a migratory scheme to bring out young boys and girls—mainly orphans and deserted children from our Homes in Britain—to jobs on the land and in domestic service."

"However, over the past few years the scheme has changed, and now only a few migrants are brought out, this time at a much younger age."

"They go to school here and later they have a choice of what future occupation they'll have."

"In the old days that wasn't possible. They had to go on the land and into domestic service, work areas where there were tremendous shortages of labor."

Most of the children in the ten Dr. Barnardo Homes—more than 250 of them at any one time—are now Australians, said Miss Butcher.

"The need is so great in our own country to provide a secure home for children of broken marriages and those unwanted babies who are left on doorsteps."

"The children are kept in Dr. Barnardo Homes until adequate alternative accommodation can be found for them."

"We try wherever possible to keep the child in its home environment."

"For example, in the case of a deserted wife our social workers will apply a means test. If it is found that the wife is in distressed circumstances, we'll provide sustenance payments and give her food parcels to help her support the children."

Miss Butcher said that in cases where a widowed father finds it difficult to keep his family together, arrangements will be made to house the children in a Dr. Barnardo Home under the foster-care of house parents.

"Parents are encouraged to support their children's upkeep and to visit them on weekends or take them for outings."

In her schooldays, Miss Butcher wanted to be a kindergarten teacher. She doesn't regret that she chose instead to join the Dr. Barnardo organisation.

"It enabled me to work with and help children," she said.



**“I’m so mad about Aran,” says Jenny McColl, “that I actually knitted both these sweaters. They took me next to no time to knit in Patons pure new wool Jet.”**



*Look-alike Aran sweaters from Patons Book 804.*

Jenny McColl is Today's Child — a young woman glad to be young today, and part of a fashion scene that pops with excitement and focuses its favours on the young. Her interest in fashion is intensified by her work: she's a fashion copy-writer in an advertising agency.

Would a girl like Jenny be interested in knitting? “There's something traditional and peaceful about it. In the so-called go-go world of today knitting seems to symbolise warmth and security. Like hearth and home.

“Aran pullovers? I've always adored them.

Surprisingly they're very simple to knit and it's easy to pick up the pattern sequence. I found these in Patons Book 804: they're knitted in Patons Jet which is one of these quick-knitting yarns. It's pure new wool; and Patonised, too, to resist shrinking.

“So here we are in our ‘togetherness’ sweaters. We get a great kick out of wearing them!”

**Knit it with Patons and you'll be proud of it.**







● Boulle cabinet

I AM enclosing a picture I had taken of a cabinet of mine which I believe to be "Boulle." It is a massive structure 6ft. 8in. long and richly trimmed with brass and what appears to be a type of enamel with a tortoiseshell effect in rich red and brownish black. The centre panel is lavishly inlaid — tortoiseshell material overlaid with fine brass and silver designs in the shapes of birds; urns which contain flowers of mother-of-pearl. — Mrs. H. J. McGeorge, Newcastle, N.S.W.

This richly embellished Boulle (sometimes spelt Buhl) cabinet was made during the 19th century — it is an early Victorian example. The method of inlaying brass and sometimes other metals was invented by Andre Boulle (born 1624, died 1732). While the originals were made in France in the 17th and early 18th century, a vogue for Boulle furniture developed in the 19th century. Examples were then made not only in France but in England.



● French porcelain plate

COULD you throw any light on the two plates (one illustrated above)? The names of the birds are written in dark grey under the glaze. They are all Louisiana or Caribbean birds. The only other marks are a sign like an "S" scratched in the porcelain and what looks like the words "de Gnoo" in less distinct grey. I bought these plates in Melbourne, and my guess is that they are 18th-century French. — Mrs. T. Buesst, South Yarra, Vic.

Without personally inspecting your interesting plates, I find it impossible to attribute them to a particular pottery. However, I concur with your suggestion that they are of French origin. I think the porcelain could be Sevres, but the decoration, together with the inscriptions underneath the base, leads me to the conclusion that they are early 19th century. During the first decade of the 19th century the Sevres works sold a large quantity of 18th-century porcelain, which had accumulated, in white. This was purchased by other potteries, and also by outside decorators, so that it is conceivable that your examples belong to this period.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 5, 1967

## COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their antiques.

I WOULD be pleased if you could give me any information about the hand-made copper kettle shown in the enclosed slide. There are no markings for identification, but it belonged to my grandmother in 1900, who brought it from England, and I believe to her mother before that. There was a smaller one as well, but this was not passed on to me. — Mrs. V. Scalley, Whitebridge, N.S.W.

It is difficult to assess the age of some old copper wares per medium of a photograph. This is due to the fact that many of the early nineteenth-century designs (similar to your example) have been much reproduced. The beautiful lustre or patina that old copper acquires adds great charm to items, such as your kettle, which design-wise could have been made during the early Victorian era from 1840 to 1850.



● Victorian copper kettle

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hones healthy appetites — makes a meal complete, makes a snack a meal. Discover for yourself that at Maggi we really care. Try new Maggi Spring Vegetable Soup.

33-1395

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# ABROAD . . . with Margaret Sydney



● In the past few days I have been skipping from county to county, from century to century, and the only way to write about it seems to be on the something old, something new, something hallowed, some-of-the-view plan.

**E**NGLAND is beautiful in the rain, which is fortunate, since that's the way I seem to be fated to see it. As my American friend says, "It's raining, but it's not wetting."

This is perfectly true, so out we go, because what else can we do when there's so much to see in such a limited time? We had black skies and a downpour and actual hail in Oxford, but everywhere else just this soft and gentle rain that doesn't interfere very much with your fun once you get over your Australian idea that wet days are for staying at home.

How do you describe the countryside? An almost infinite variety of shades of green and an extraordinary tidiness. I don't know what the English farmer does with his old ploughs and his worn-out pumps and his antiquated farm machinery—but he certainly doesn't leave them around.

Perhaps this is not virtue so much as plain common sense. It is such rich country that an old tank lying on the ground would be taking up space that would support an animal. It's extraordinary to see little fields studded with sheep as thickly as mushrooms, 20 or 30 cows grazing on a tiny area that in Australia they would reduce to bare, brown earth in a couple of days.

## Special people brush with



## the special toothbrush



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fighting action**

*Johnson & Johnson*

One of the delights of England is the weeds — wild-flowers the city people call them, but when I pick odd specimens and offer them in garages and shops for identification, "It's just a weed," I'm told. "Yes," I say, "but what's it called?"

You get so many different answers to this sort of question that I begin to suspect that the weeds may have two or three different names within a radius of 20 miles.

I have learnt ragged robin, Queen Anne lace, red campion, white campion, thrift, ladies' slippers, gilly-flowers, half a dozen different sorts of broom and hedge roses, but if you ask me what the rest are I can only tell you what I've been told — they're just weeds!

There's an indignant letter in "The Times" this morning about new verge-cutting machinery which is sweeping away the wildflowers from the road-bordering banks on which the hedges grow, but some councils are using their verge-cutters only on the bottoms of the banks and leaving the lovely riot of colored flowers on the upper parts.

Something old? Stokesay Castle, which isn't a castle at all, but a fortified manor house dating from about 1250, enchantingly cosy and domestic after the cold and draughty grandeur of the great English castles, where all but the most fortunate must have lived in considerable discomfort.

Stokesay is in Shropshire. In the Domesday Book there was an entry which said, "The same Roger holds Stoke. Alfred held it, and was a freeman. Seven hides pay tax there. In the demesne" (i.e., the manor house and its lands) "there are five ploughs and 16 serfs and bondwomen together, and 20 villeins with eight plough teams and nine women cottagers. There is a miller and a keeper of bees. In the time of King Edward it was worth ten pounds."

After the Norman Conquest it was granted by the king to the Lacy family, and it has changed hands only five times since, in all those centuries.

The building of the present castle was begun about 1240, and it hasn't been occupied since 1672, but it looks fit to live in (you'd need a little money for plumbing and heating), with exquisite medieval fireplaces, fleur-de-lys floor tiles, window seats, carved Flemish overmantels which date from the 17th century.

The most fascinating part of all is its five-sided north tower, with the upper storey built out beyond the stone walls in wood and plaster (13th century, not Tudor, to my surprise), with a beautiful moss-covered slate roof which has settled gently over the centuries into a shape of its own, quite different from what the builder had in mind.

### Ancient relics of Saxons who lived 1000 years ago

**J**UST beyond Stokesay's walls is a church — St. John the Baptist. It was restored by the Puritans in 1664 (unusual for them) after a Royalist party and their horses had taken refuge in the church, and were ousted by the Parliamentarians, who blew a hole in the walls with cannonballs.

In the church are two canopied pews that belonged to The Family, completely closed in and covered over so nobody could see whether the occupants were listening or snoozing. A notice (modern) on the outside of the pews says that they were "not exactly designed for worship."

Another notice in the church records that on a date in 1957, 5040 changes were rung in two hours and 45 minutes, being two extents of Plain Bob and 20 of Grandsire, to mark the birth of a daughter, Angela Margaret, to the rector and his wife, and to commemorate the restoration of the tower and the rehangings of the bells. What a perfectly lovely way to have your birth celebrated, and how sad for Angela Margaret that she was a bit young to appreciate it.

Something hallowed? Well — King Alfred's Abbey at Shaftesbury, consecrated in AD 888, where his sister St. Ethelgiva was a nun and became Abbess. Canute died there in 1035, Elizabeth, wife of Robert the Bruce, was imprisoned there in 1313.

Nothing stands today. At the dissolution of the monasteries the walls were knocked down, and local farmers carried away the stones to build houses. In 1861, when excavations were first begun, the foundations and the pieces of walls and the tombs were lying under five feet of earth. Meticulous excavation over the years has unearthed piers and footings, drains and tiles.

Notices at ground level tell you what once stood where you are now standing. You walk among rubble piles over soft green grass, past little beds of cowslips and other simple flowers, and you can see in imagination just where the aisles of the Saxon church were, and the nave and ten chantries of the later Norman church.

What are believed to be the bones of St. Edward the Martyr (murdered in 978) are on display with the lead box in which they were found, and the museum has a wonderful collection of tiles and carvings and statuary unearthed in the excavations, together with little pieces of cloth, pins, rings, pieces of veiling, buckles, and a pathetic piece of what must once have been a flourishing Saxon moustache.



# Who said women don't make good firemen?



Even if the cap doesn't fit, a mother may suddenly be forced to take on, alone, full responsibility for her family and home. It is difficult for a widow if the possibility of her having to take charge has never been considered. Maintaining a home and family can be even tougher when food bills, mort-

gage payments, furniture payments, costs of educating the team fill the mail-box. A wife knows that her husband is thinking about his family's security when he calls in an A.M.P. man for an A.M.P. Family Security Check-up. This helpful service is free and entirely without obligation.

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PENNIES FROM  
HEAVEN?**

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## Lemons for Beauty

**T**O keep your skin clear and fair you need the natural cleansing and bleaching tonic of lemons. Ask your chemist for a bottle of lemon Delph, the latest type skin freshener used by beautiful women throughout the world. Lemon Delph makes the complexion, neck and shoulders fair and lovely as it melts out plugged pores, closes them to a beautifully fine texture. Lemon Delph freshener is excellent for a quick cleanse or to quell a greasy nose. A little brushed on the hair after your shampoo will give it the glamour of sparkling diamonds. This is a luxury skin freshener, cleanser and tonic.

**BETTY HERR, of Wagga, N.S.W., says housework is a spare-time activity now that she is happily engrossed in her amateur dramatics.**

## IF YOU'RE BORED, TRY THE STAGE

**I WOULDN'T** say that I dabble in amateur dramatics in my spare time, because that's when I do housework! In odd moments of leisure I read in the magazines of women who are bored, women who feel that the housewife's lot is not fulfilling.

Shame on all of you! Get Out Of The House—that's the solution, and it can be done. Nearly the whole cast in our current show is married, with anything up to four kids, and we all manage somehow.

On coming to a new town three years ago I thought I'd be very lonely, but within three months I'd found that this country city boasted two theatre groups.

I joined one and I've never regretted it. Nearly all our new friends are among these wonderful, ordinary people who have made the effort to get out and join in some group activity.

This was B.B.—Before Baby. I had many dire warnings of how my wings would be clipped once the baby arrived, but I've still managed two shows since she was born 16 months ago, and can only say I was miserable and missed it very much when we weren't rehearsing and life wasn't one hectic rush.

Now, for the people who are saying it just can't be done, here's how. We are all in the same boat. None of us can afford to pay much for babysitters.

When the babies were portable, we found a student willing to look after three for 15/- a night. Rehearsal nights we loaded our babies into a car and took them to one house, costing us only 5/- each for our night out.

### A casserole as a babysitting fee

Since my baby is in a cot I must admit I've been lucky to have an understanding husband willing to babysit most nights and I have kind neighbors. Tonight, for instance, I'm providing the babysitter (a husband and wife with two children) with tea in the form of a casserole. This means my friend has a night off from cooking and is very willing to babysit for me.

So, you see, all this costs is time. You may say it could be better spent at home doing my housework, but I dare anyone to say my baby is not happy and contented.

My husband is quite well looked after, and if the house is a little dusty at least he has a wife who sings around the house (how else would I learn the words of the ten songs for the show?), and people know they are welcome at any hour—even if they do step over a few things to get in the door. If you are talking about something that interests you, even just coffee and biscuits taste wonderful.

Some may say, "But I couldn't go out on stage." I say, "Give it a go. You'll be surprised at the fun you'll have."

For those who find they can't actually perform, there is always plenty of backstage work with scenery, make-up, and costumes. If none of this appeals, apply the rules to something else. You'll feel so much better if your house is not a staying-in-at place but a coming-home-to place.

READERS'

# "You should get out of the

READERS OFFER LIVELY ANTIDOTES TO THOSE

## Back to university for a library course

**"HOW interesting!"**

My friends said when I told them I was doing a Diploma in Librarianship at the University of New South Wales, and rapidly changed the subject.

Some of the more conversational ones made witty remarks such as, "But surely a diploma isn't necessary! All you have to do is point out where the dictionaries are, or 'Lady Chatterley's Lover'..."

A year ago I would have agreed. A library course sounded a safe, easy, genteel thing to do in one's middle age. I went into it like a lamb to the slaughter.

The diploma, a post-graduate course, can be done in one year of full-time attendance or in more

having been a regular borrower for years, but the staff always looked happy enough and their work didn't look too arduous.

I was in for a shock, alas! The first morning of lectures passed in a dream. The sudden effort of having to listen and take notes for three hours was exhausting.

My hand and arm ached, and any concentration I had had in my youth had been sadly washed down the kitchen sink. Added to this, librarians talked in a language all their own.

They discussed acquisition of books; pages of poorly produced books were non-opaque; and a whole lecture on serials I thought must be something to do with rice bubbles!

But it was a wonderful feeling of anonymity to be swamped in a crowd again.

I began to feel a little less as though I had been hit on the head with a sledge-hammer—more as though tiny, infinitesimal shoots were forming on my dormant brain.

My ignorance was, and still is, colossal, and yet the growing excitement of learning something again is rejuvenating.

No longer do I dread the mountain of ironing I know is waiting for me, because I can look back to some fascinating discussion of the morning.

As the exams drew near I felt a kind of numb despair take over. Had it not been for the thought of wasting all that precious money on fees I think I would have given up.

The actual doing of an exam under exam conditions and nerves after so many years is impossible to describe. I kept thinking, "What am I doing here when I could be safely at home making a patchwork quilt?"

By some miracle I did pass, but I'll never forget the relief and utter incredulity I felt, nor the pride and joy on my husband's and children's faces. A new year of study is in progress. I am no longer just a housewife but a very lucky student with the best of two worlds—AND a half-finished patchwork quilt!

By SALLY JANE

than one year of part-time attendance. There are nine subjects, four compulsory.

The lectures are in the mornings, and I chose Mondays and Thursdays, which covered five subjects. My husband left me the car, which allowed me to leave home soon after eight.

The children were able to take themselves to school, the youngest being five years old. Actually, the children were the main reason for the whole thing.

Two years ago my husband had a very sudden heart attack, and we realised I must have some training in case the education of four young children depended upon me.

With only an Arts degree behind me, there seemed little possibility of further training that would fit in with school hours, despite many visits to the Sydney University Appointments Board, who were very kind and sympathetic.

Then library work was mentioned. The lectures fitted in with school hours and the salaries appeared hopeful, starting at \$2842 for an assistant graduate librarian, first year, working up to \$6862 for a deputy-principal librarian.

I knew next to nothing about libraries, apart from

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# house more!"

## "HOUSEWIFE BLUES"

For years, the Victorian reader who wrote the story below was told, "You should go out more!" When she made it at last, the cry changed . . .

# Now it's "You're never home!"

MY childhood was spent in the country, in war years and before, and what with petrol rationing and general circumstances we didn't go out much. The family stayed home together.

My working years were spent in flats and boarding-houses in central areas, and I went out when I wanted to.

My marriage began in a home on the outskirts of a small provincial city. I cycled to work, the mile to the business centre seeming no distance at all. My husband had a Government vehicle to take him to work, but not for the evenings. But when a marriage is new one doesn't hanker for new faces and interests. So we stayed home.

When I was pregnant I still cycled to the shops, abandoning my trusty steed a good block back from the crowds, as my increasing bulk brought stares and remarks, and walked the final few blocks looking respectable.

## "GETTING OUT" AT 50—TO BUSINESS COLLEGE

SO you are 50! Whatever happened to those last 25 years? Here you are, just you and Dad. The children have gone, but somehow the sweet reward of peace, a tidy home, privacy, and freedom, in fact, all the things you have mumbled about in the past ten years, don't seem half as sweet as they appeared when you didn't have them. In short, life is a bore, and so are you!

Owing to a back ailment, many of the things I had promised myself to do when I got time—play golf, garden, take long walks in the hills—were out. It didn't leave much therapy for a mind with the blues.

My husband suggested that I go into the city and see what offered at one of the business colleges. Doubtfully, and with shaking legs, I went—only to find that many middle-aged women were enrolled. So with a much lighter heart, pleased I wouldn't be one old ewe among a lot of lambs, I enrolled.

What a joy to be up early in the morning, wondering what to wear. You give your wardrobe a long-overdue inspection, take up hems, look critically at your hair.

The clock once more means time, and you manage to get the house ship-shape in one-eighth the time you had been taking. You get through a mound of books, reading on the way to and from the city. All of a sudden, life has meaning. You make friends with the other women, discuss current events, the children, trends in clothes.

Your dictionary comes out of its dark hiding-place, and you begin to speculate whether anyone would employ you as a typist.

Best of all is teatime, when you tell your dear man all about your day—no more talk about how hot it was doing the laundry, or what the baker said to you. No more going out to the letter-box countless times wondering if the postie has REALLY been.

Suddenly, your clothes fit you better, you have lost those extra pounds gained sitting about drinking tea and eating snacks. And, best of all—YOU DON'T FEEL 50!

— KATE GODFREY, Niddrie, Vic.

## MORNING BREAK

I LOVE the welcome little lull that follows  
The first mad frantic rush of early day,  
When I have cut and packed the last egg sandwich  
And waved the last of my small tribe away;  
Leave marmalade and toast crumbs on the table,  
The butter, too, it won't take any harm,  
And take the morning paper to the patio,  
Where morning sun has laid her fingers warm.  
Here on a garden seat in blessed silence  
Relaxing both the body and the mind,  
This is the time of day I find most precious,  
Such soothing peace and loveliness I find.  
A fresh-made cup of tea is at my elbow,  
Two little dogs lie quiet at my feet,  
Here I can write or read or soak in sunshine,  
This is my own, my very own retreat.  
Dew-freshened roses smile above the trellis,  
Hibiscus glows behind the teatree fence,  
The cackling hens next door are bragging loudly  
Of their importance and their consequence.  
And in the dappled dampness of the garden  
A magpie struts beneath the lemon tree,  
The sparrows from my stillness gaining courage  
Come boldly seeking cake-crums close to me.  
This is my peaceful interlude, and in the quiet  
I fold my petty cares and griefs away  
Knowing that He who gave us birds and flowers  
Will help me through the trials of the day.

— Elsie Pearson, Geelong, Vic.

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# new



Betty  
Sydney

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Oodles of rich golden egg noodles with spicy Italian-style sauces in a new improved recipe! Only minutes from packet to plate and so easy to make. Choose from Tomato, Chicken and Noodle Bolognaise with 3-4 delicious serves in every pack. You've never made anything so delicious with so little trouble. Try new Betty Sydney Noodles with Sauce —they're made to please your family.

DELICIOUS  
FLAVOURS



Beauty in brief:

## HOW TO PICK A HAIRDO

FEW things — other than a new romance, overnight riches, or a couple of inches off the hipline — give such a lift to a girl's spirits as a dashing change of hairstyle.

Even if a new and different look at the top doesn't actually impress friends and influence compliments, at least a change of hair-part does the scalp good.

Ideally, everyone should treat herself to a hair change every six months or so.

### True to type

The type of hairdo a girl chooses should not entirely depend on her facial bone structure or the current popular look. The size and shape of a hairstyle depends, rather, on the overall size of the wearer.

Just recall a few seasons ago, when hairdos reached those alarming proportions of height and width — through wild sessions of teasing — how silly they looked on petite girls with slender faces.

If, generally speaking, a girl is built on ample lines, her hair, in its finished state, should be generous rather than tiny.

The reverse is true for the short, small-boned lass. Her finished head shape must not overwhelm her; rather, it should be on the small side.

—Carolyn Earle

## Serious charge

● Having lived in California for six years, I feel that I am quite justified in saying that Australian girls are immature. It is shown in their lack of courtesy toward people of authority and in their lack of confidence and willingness to make something of themselves. They show no drive to model themselves on people with attractive characteristics, and are content to accept the few opportunities that come their way. Australian girls need to take a full view of themselves through the looking-glass to see just how good they really are.

—“CALIFORNIAN,” Lane Cove, N.S.W.

### Happy medium

NOW a second-year university student, I have studied moderately but constantly for the past three years. I have an allotted time in which to study, and I really study hard. During my leisure time I am able to relax and enjoy myself with no nagging feelings of guilt. This is one night a week, and one day each weekend. I am not a brilliant scholar nor have I a terrific brain. However, I do well in exams and enjoy my studies. If more students balanced their leisure and study, I am sure they would be happier.

—“Happy Student,” Townsville, Qld.

TODAY there seems to be an excessive amount of discussion on the problem of boredom, its unfortunate results, and the measures society should take to overcome it. I believe the answer lies with the French. Their verb “to be bored” is reflexive — “I bore myself.” They do not say, “I am bored to death,” but, “I bore myself to death.” This problem is the individual's problem, and only the individual can alleviate boredom. The cause can be blamed on no one and nothing except the bored individual. — “I Bore Myself,” Ivanhoe, Vic.

● Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use pen-names. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay \$2 for each letter used.



## LETTERS

the local policeman who help to make this world a better place for people who make foolish mistakes. — “Never Again,” Nudgee, Qld.

### Skin-deep

IT is common knowledge that many people spend hours tanning themselves in the sun, or spend dollars buying artificial skin-darkeners. Isn't it ironic that many of these people also spend hours trying to secure the exclusion of those born with skin a few shades darker — namely, the colored people of the world. — A.B., North Adelaide.

### Mum's the word!

PARENTS of today, be like my Mum! Wake up and enjoy life! Mum doesn't mind us listening to pop music, and is crazy on Billy Thorpe. She also tries to dance. As the saying goes, “If you can't beat 'em, join 'em.” So, I repeat, wake up, Mums! — Sally Bertram, West Ryde, N.S.W.

## BEATNIK



## ROUND ROBIN

Adair

## MY MANY HAPPY RETURNS

Twenty-five cents (2/6 then) got Sydney “hep-cats” into rock-n-roll concerts at the Town Hall. Elvis was in the U.S. Army and people were wondering if two years' absence would hurt his career.

Your support has made it possible for me to be still around to report that — like the '59 hems — Elvis, of course, rose to greater heights.

## For teenagers

### World in waiting

WE should have world peace instead of all this cruel trouble, causing distress to people not even concerned with any aspect of it. It could be halted if the youth of today can learn to get along with their neighbors, whether good or bad, black, white, or anything else. But I feel that at the moment we are not trying. Things will get worse before becoming better. So try to be the type of person the world needs, and in time to come things will be better for everyone. — D.H.C., Ballarat, Vic.

★  
THOSE who criticise slacks-suits should not think of them as casual gear for teenagers, but as smart outfits for working girls. They are practical and comfortable to work in, they are certainly an improvement on mini-skirts, and no stockings are required. If worn neatly and with the right accessories, they are ideal outfits, and I can't see why so many people object. — “Practical,” Warradale, S.A.

## HERE'S YOUR

## ANSWER

(from Louise Hunter)

### Before it is too late

“MY BOYFRIEND always asks me whether I like him, and I can't tell him so. I really don't know why I love him, and it has become quite a problem. He gets very upset and says he will break off our friendship and that I will be better off without him.”

“Perplexed,” Vic.

● That you need a REASON for loving this boy before reassuring him of your feelings makes me wonder just how much you really care. To analyse something as elusive as love is rather like trying to lasso the moon, and sometimes only when love is lost does a person come close to understanding what it is all about. So, if you do not want to learn the hard way, you had better put this poor boy out of his misery.

### Suspicion!

“THE BOY I have been going out with for eight weeks has told me he loves me, but one thing worries me. I know his ex-girlfriend, and whenever he sees us together he won't talk to me for ages, and when he does all he says is, ‘I don't know whether to trust you any more after seeing you and her together. Are you planning to break up our friendship?’ When I tell him nothing like that is happening, he just says, ‘Maybe not yet, but it will soon.’ Should I stop seeing this girl?”

“Puzzled,” N.S.W.

● Whether you stop seeing this girl really depends on how deeply you care for your boyfriend. In the early stages of a

romance one or both partners are usually uncertain of the other's feelings. Imagine how very insecure this poor boy must feel, knowing you are friendly with his “ex.” Like most members of his sex, he cannot believe you have anything better to discuss than him, and probably his imagination is running riot, especially if he and this girl parted under a cloud. To keep him you will have to stop seeing her — at least, until he is more sure of you.

### Lost faith

“I AM 13 and I started to sneak out after school to meet my boyfriend — so much so that Mummy gave up her full-time job. I don't know what is wrong with me. I swear at my brother and ignore my grandmother, who lives with us. Since I've known this boy my schoolwork has gone from B grading to G grading. (Dad has threatened to send me to boarding school.) Please don't tell me to give up my boyfriend, as I've tried this, and all I do is dream about him. Please help me, as my parents don't trust me any more.”

“Muddled,” S.A.

● No wonder your parents don't trust you! Only by resolving to work really hard at school — make A grading your goal! — and putting this boy temporarily out of your mind can you hope to win your parents round. Treating your brother and grandmother badly won't solve anything. It will only strengthen your father's resolve to send you to boarding school. Show them you know how to behave, and, given time, I am sure your parents will allow you to date this boy openly — if he is still in your dreams!

● Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender are given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

THIS issue is the nearest one to mark the eighth anniversary of this column.

On July 1, 1959, hot off the presses came “A Guy Talks About Dolls,” the first in a series that now numbers more than 400.

Ah, 1959—that was the year that was.

It is nostalgic for me to look at that pioneer piece and other junior news of the times—and I think it might be interesting for teenagers now.

In the first column, for instance, I took a look at current teenage slang and the idol who was inspiring it.

Edd Byrnes, who played Kookie, a switched-on kid in a TV series, “77 Sunset Strip,” used strange language on the show and teenagers fervently copied him.

“Ginchy” meant the best, an older person was “Dad,” “nervous” stood for good, and if a circumstance was no good it was “Nothingsville.”

Alas, today Kookie and his words are Nothingsville.

The fashions... No mini-skirts; hems were between two and three inches below the knee. Suede desert boots were big with girls, too. And matador pants.

On the pop scene the Beatles were unheard of; one of the biggest discs was Dottie Stevens singing “Pink Shoe Laces.” Locally, Johnny Devlin was making a hit with “Lawdy, Miss Clawdy” and making a bid for Johnny O'Keefe's and Col Joye's crowns.



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of tropical recipes yet published!

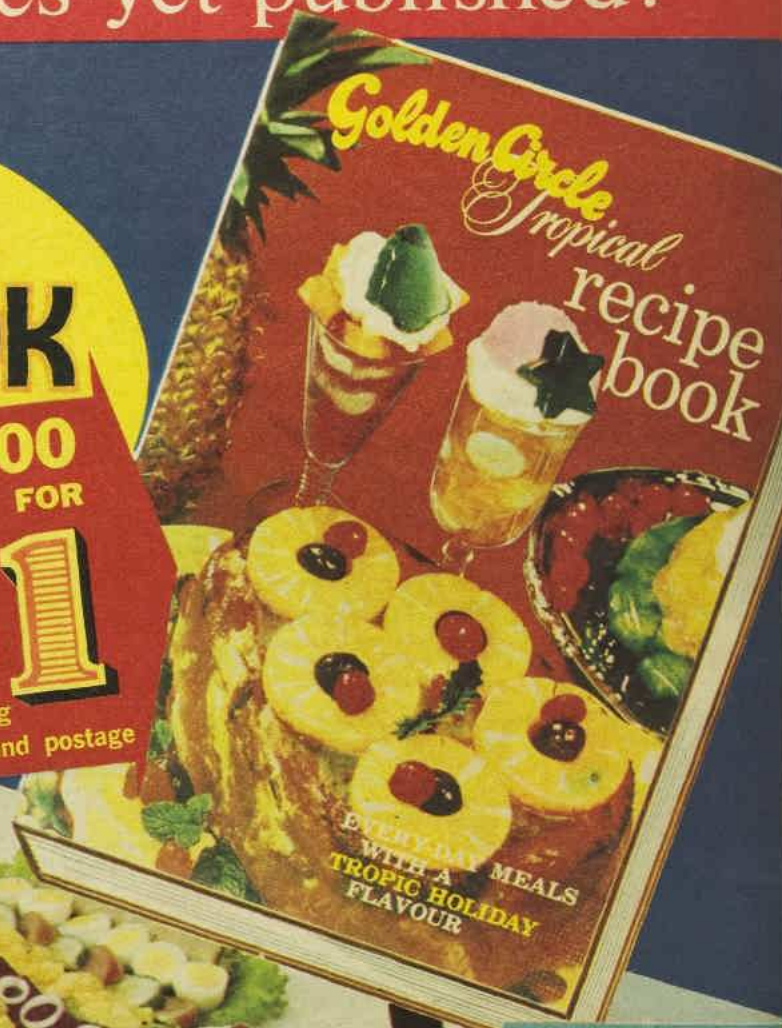
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From Indian curries and Oriental sweet-and-sour dishes to colourful salads and wonderful desserts (try the luscious Pineapple Chocolate Cheesecake!), recipes in this book illustrate how much the fresh, sweet taste of canned pineapple can add to so many dishes.

**Ellen Sinclair**  
of the Australian Women's Weekly Leila Howard Test Kitchen  
Congratulations to Golden Circle—the wide variety of recipes and many beautiful illustrations should supply a never ending source of inspiration, for housewives intent on providing appetising meals for their family.

**Betty Dunleavy, Supervisor**  
Home Service Division of The Australian Gas Light Company

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I enclose \$ \_\_\_\_\_ which I understand covers packing and postage.

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# FIRST BIG FRENCH MUSICAL

From MARK F. MURPHY  
in Paris

**S**even of Paris' city-centre theatres aren't proving enough to contain the thousands queuing for hours to see the film "The Young Girls of Rochefort."

It's the first American-style film musical ever made by the French, and it's an enormous triumph.

The film is a 21-hour dream-flight to Rochefort, a delightful French port on the Bay of Biscay, and back. "At the controls" is the young director Jacques Demy, who shot to international prominence in 1964 when his film, "The Umbrellas of Cherbourg," won viewers' acclaim and four major awards, including the Cannes Festival's "Golden Palm."

Demy — a one-man revolution in the film world today — teamed again with the very beautiful, fair-haired star of "The Umbrellas of Cherbourg," Catherine Deneuve, 23, and the brilliant French-American composer Michel Legrand, to create "The Young Girls of Rochefort."

There are hundreds of young girls in the film, but the most captivating are Mademoiselle Deneuve and her red-headed, real-life sister, Francoise Dorleac, 25.

Catherine, the wife of London's very "with-it" photographer David Bailey, plays a dancing teacher, and Francoise, her twin sister in the film, plays a music teacher.

The loveliest twins any small town has been able to hang on to, the girls portray hard workers, but terrible dreamers just the same. They will never stop talking, singing, or dancing about the *garçons* they hope to meet, and the Big Day, you will have possibly guessed, is not far off . . .

The credits are scarcely over, but wait, what's this? A touring fair is moving on to the charming French market square.

In charge are two dashing young heroes straight from "West Side Story" — George Chakiris and Grover Dale, motor-cycle performers who come burning into town.

Also roaring into the action is a thoroughly 1967-style "American in Rochefort" named Gene Kelly, a music composer at the wheel of a fire-engine-red Ferrari.

The action — and *l'amour* — revolves around Monsieur Chakiris, in skin-white levis, an orange shirt and red tie, and his companion's desperate, last-ditch attempt to persuade the twin teachers to help them in their motor-cycle act.

It appears that the boys' usual assistants have suddenly and unexpectedly skipped off to Paris in search of bigger things, the ungrateful hussies.

While the tent posts are being set up, and bunting is running up a hundred flag-poles, Catherine and Francoise rack their brains for a reply.

I don't think it will ruin the picture for anyone if I break the suspense by divulging that they accept.

Then the fun really starts.

**For teenagers**



● Catherine Deneuve, 23, who is top star of the exciting new French film musical "The Young Girls of Rochefort." She appears as a dancing teacher.



● Francoise Dorleac (left), Catherine's sister in the film, as well as in real life, and Jacques Perrin, as a painter who dislikes doing National Service.

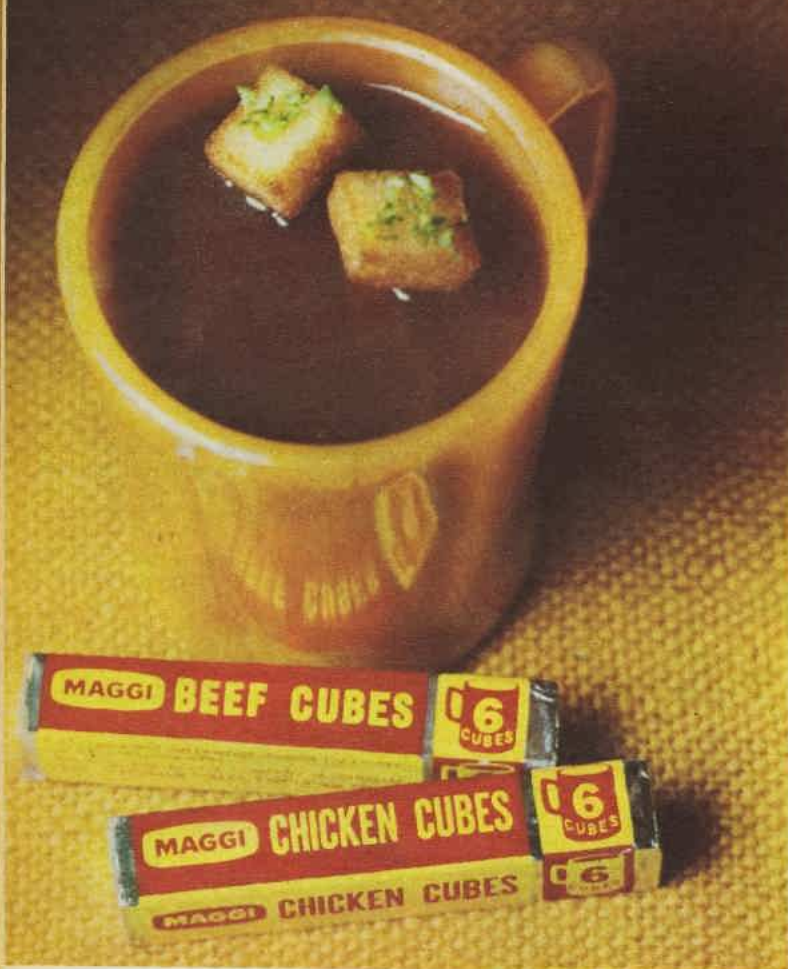
● In this colorful film scene Grover Dale (on drums) "blow up a storm" with Francoise Dorleac and Catherine Deneuve (on trumpet).





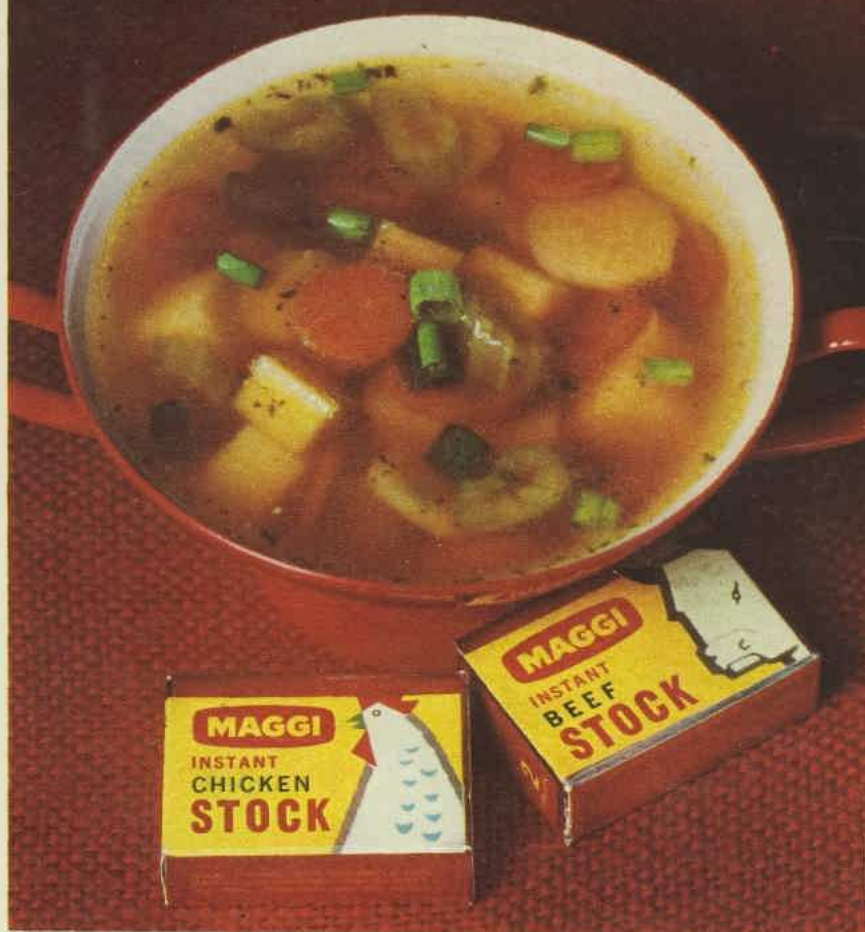
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 5, 1967



# PATTY CAKES AND PETIT FOURS

•RECIPES FROM OUR  
LEILA HOWARD  
TEST KITCHEN



PATTY CAKES are easy to make and decorate although they have that party-time look. A simple basic cake mixture or a packaged cake mix can be used—see recipes below.



PETIT FOURS take time and patience to decorate but the effort in producing these delicious little cakes is well worth while. Serve them with coffee after a dinner party.

● Patty cakes, made from a simple butter cake or chocolate mixture, can be topped with an easy glaze icing and colorful decoration. Petit Fours, a rich and fancy version of patty cakes, are a delicacy for special occasions.

## patty cakes

USE either of the three basic cake mixtures given below, or use instead a plain cake mix, prepared according to directions on the packet.

In the picture above are ideas for decorating patty cakes; directions for making these are also given. The cakes are pretty enough for a party and practical enough for everyday enjoyment.

Each of the mixtures given below will make approximately 2½ dozen patty cakes. Level spoon measurements are used in the recipes.

### BASIC BUTTER CAKE

4oz. butter or substitute	1 teaspoon vanilla
½ cup sugar	2 cups self-raising flour
2 eggs	½ cup milk

Cream butter and sugar until white and fluffy. Add vanilla, then eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Fold in sifted flour alternately with milk; mix well. Drop by dessertspoonfuls into deep paper patty cases (stand them in deep patty or muffin tins to help keep their shape). Bake in hot oven 10 to 15 minutes.

● If using this recipe to make Petit Fours, fill into greased, grease-paper-lined lamington tin. Bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes.

### FINE BUTTER CAKE

4oz. butter or substitute	½ teaspoon vanilla
1 cup plain flour	extra 2 tablespoons plain flour
2 eggs	
½ cup castor sugar	1 teaspoon baking powder

Cream butter and gradually mix in sifted flour. Beat

until mixture is white and smooth. Beat eggs, add sugar slowly, and beat until it dissolves. Gradually add to butter mixture. Stir in vanilla, add extra flour sifted with baking powder; mix in lightly. Bake as in Basic Butter Cake recipe.

● If using this recipe to make Petit Fours, fill into greased, grease-paper-lined lamington tin, bake in moderate oven 30 minutes.

### BASIC CHOCOLATE CAKE

6oz. dark chocolate	pinch salt
6oz. butter or substitute	teaspoon instant coffee
½ cup sugar	cup plain flour
4 eggs	

Melt chopped chocolate over hot water, allow to cool. Cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy, add chocolate, then eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Sift dry ingredients together, fold into butter mixture. Bake as in Basic Butter Cake recipe.

● If using this mixture to make Petit Fours, fill into well-greased, grease-paper-lined lamington tin. Bake in moderate oven approximately 45 minutes.

### ICING AND DECORATION

A recipe for a simple glaze icing is given and directions for decorating the patty cakes shown in picture above.

#### GLAZE ICING

1lb. icing sugar	6 tablespoons warm water
flavoring, coloring	or fruit juice

Sift icing sugar into saucepan. Add water and stir over low heat until icing is of coating consistency (approximately ½ to 1 minute). Color and flavor as desired.

A few drops of pink, green, or lemon food coloring can be added to separate portions of icing to give a range of colors; a little blended cocoa will give chocolate icing; coffee essence or blended instant coffee will give coffee-flavored icing.

### Patty Cakes in Top Row

From left, these decorations are:

- 1: Top plain patty cakes with vanilla-flavored glaze icing; finish with glaze cherry half and angelica leaves.
- 2: Color glaze icing pale lemon with food coloring, flavor with few drops lemon juice; spread over plain patty cakes. Sprinkle with shredded coconut. (Use few drops of food coloring to tint coconut any desired color.)
- 3: Divide glaze icing in halves, then one half into quarters.

Color one quarter pale pink with food coloring and the other chocolate brown with little cocoa. Spread cakes with white icing, then quickly pipe alternate lines of pink and brown icing across cakes. Draw skewer or small knife across top of wet icing to form feather effect.

4 (Butterflies): Remove tops from patty cakes, fill with small amount of jam and mock cream or whipped, sweetened cream. Cut tops in half, replace on cake to form butterfly wings. Finish with small piece of glaze cherry, dust with icing sugar.

### Patty Cakes in Centre Row

1: Immediately after removing patty cakes from oven, top each cake with halved marshmallow. Allow to cool, then drizzle melted chocolate over the slightly melted marshmallow, smooth over cakes.

2: Flavor icing with few drops of peppermint essence; color small portion pale pink. Ice cakes with white icing, then pipe lattice design, using pink icing (add little extra sifted icing sugar to icing to make it of piping consistency, if necessary) and No. 1 writing tube.

3: Make up packet of lime-flavored jelly crystals as directed on packet. When set, chop roughly. Pile in centre of patty cakes, finish with piped edge of whipped, sweetened cream.

4: Cover chocolate patty cakes with chocolate glaze icing, top with walnut halves.

### Patty Cakes in Bottom Row

1: One large can apricot halves, ½ cup apricot jam, 1-3rd cup water, 1 tablespoon brandy, angelica pieces.

Sieve jam, combine with water and brandy. Cook, stirring, until thick and of coating consistency. Allow to cool slightly. Top cakes with drained apricot halves, spoon over little glaze, decorate with angelica pieces.

2: Ice patty cakes with vanilla-flavored glaze icing, sprinkle with colored nonpareils.

3: Ice patty cakes with white icing. Add little cocoa to small portion of icing, and, if necessary, add extra icing sugar until icing is of piping consistency. Pipe swirls on cakes, using thick writing pipe.

4: Remove cone-shaped piece from centre of each patty cake. Fill cavities with sweetened apple pulp. Top with whipped, sweetened cream and piece of glaze cherry.

Continued on page 45







# Mary skimps breakfast.

So Mum makes up for it with the real thing—honest-to-goodness **KRAFT Cheddar Cheese sandwiches.**

**M**UM knows she's giving Mary a good, nourishing lunch she'll enjoy, because every bite of **KRAFT Cheddar Cheese** has the fresh taste Mary's loved since childhood.

And she's thrived on it! After all, it takes 8 pints of creamy milk to make every pound of **KRAFT Cheddar Cheese** — that's why you can rely on its purity and nourishment.

## **KRAFT Cheddar Cheese, tomato and lettuce sandwiches:**

Fill a brown bread sandwich with a slice of **KRAFT Cheddar** and tomato; another with a slice of **KRAFT Cheddar** and lettuce. Remember to pack some fruit as well . . . she couldn't eat better if she came home for lunch!

## **Four more good lunch ideas . . .**

- 1 White bread sandwiches filled with **KRAFT Cheddar**, **VEGEMITE\*** yeast extract and slices of tomato.
- 2 Bread roll spread with prepared mustard and filled with lettuce, sliced ham, dill pickle and **KRAFT Cheddar**.
- 3 A long bread roll, slightly hollowed out and lined with lettuce. Filled with **GREENSEAS\*** Tuna and **KRAFT Cheddar**.
- 4 Cracker biscuits topped with lettuce, sliced cucumber and **KRAFT Cheddar** (specially good for Mondays!).



for good food and good food ideas  
\*Reg'd Trade Mark K.M.I.



*It takes 8 pints of fresh, creamy milk to make every pound of **KRAFT Cheddar Cheese***



## **PATTY CAKES AND PETIT FOURS** (continued)

### petit fours

**PETIT FOURS** take time and trouble — but they're irresistible, each one a little work of art. If you haven't made them before, start with one of the more easily decorated cakes.

Literally translated, the name means "little oven." Chefs used to bake the cakes for **Petit Fours** (and the small, fancy biscuits, to which the name of **Petit Fours** is also given) when the main cooking or baking of the day had been concluded. Usually these were baked in one of the "little ovens," or — especially for the sweet biscuits — at a low temperature; hence the name.

The texture of the cake used in making **Petit Fours** is important. It must be of a fine, smooth grain that won't crumble when cut into shapes. Any of the three cake recipes given for patty cakes in this cookery feature can be used, although the **Genoise Sponge** is more traditional.

It is best to bake the cake the day before you make the **Petit Fours**; the cake is then easier to cut without crumbling. If you want to cut and decorate on the same day the cake is baked, place the cooled cake in refrigerator for an hour.

### **GENOISE SPONGE**

- 3 tablespoons butter
- 3 eggs
- 1 cup castor sugar
- 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
- 1 cup plain flour (sifted 3 times)

Melt butter in small pan, set aside. Beat eggs in heatproof basin until thick and very light in color, then beat in sugar. Stand basin over hot (not boiling) water, continue beating until mixture is warm (about 8 to 10 minutes). Remove from heat, continue beating until mixture is so thick it levels slowly when beater is withdrawn. Add lemon rind, then gently fold in sifted flour. Skim white curd from melted butter, measure 1oz. of clear liquid. Sprinkle butter over batter, fold in carefully. Fill into greased and paper-lined lamington tin, bake in moderate oven approximately 25 to 30 minutes.

**To Cut Cake:** Trim edges from cake, cut half into strips with sharp knife. Then cut these into squares and diamonds. Shapes such as circles and triangles can be cut with pastry cutters.

**Filling:** Cut cakes in half horizontally, spread with flavored cream or jam and re-stack; or slice tops from cakes, carefully cut out cone-shaped pieces, fill with cream, then replace tops. (Do not use too much filling or cakes will not keep their shape well.) Cakes can then be placed in refrigerator until fillings harden.

### **CREAM FILLINGS**

We give several recipes for cream fillings and ideas for flavorings. If more than one flavor is needed, place small portions of cream in separate bowls and flavor just before using.

### **MOCK CREAM**

- 4oz. butter or substitute
- 1 tablespoon boiling milk
- 1 cup castor sugar
- 3 tablespoons boiling water
- 1/2 teaspoon gelatine

Soften butter with boiling milk, add sugar, beat until dissolved. Sprinkle gelatine over boiling water, stir until dissolved, add gradually to the cream, beating all the time. Continue beating until light and fluffy. Flavor as desired.

Continued overleaf





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## PATTY CAKES AND PETIT FOURS . . . concluded

**SIMPLE BUTTER CREAM**  
4 tablespoons butter  
1½ cups castor sugar  
little milk, flavoring

Cream butter until white, then gradually beat in sugar. Continue beating until sugar has dissolved. Add flavoring, then enough milk to give soft consistency; mix well.

**RICH BUTTER CREAM**  
6oz. butter  
3 cups sifted icing sugar  
3 egg-yolks  
flavoring

Beat butter until soft and white, gradually beat in icing sugar, 1 tablespoon at a time.

Add egg-yolks, beat well. Add flavoring, mix well.

### FLAVORINGS

Any essences such as peppermint, almond, vanilla; or spirits such as rum, brandy, sherry can be used. Flavor cream to taste.

**Chocolate Cream:** Add few drops vanilla and grated chocolate to taste; beat well.

**Mocha:** Add few drops strong black coffee or coffee essence and grated chocolate.

**Almond:** Flavor with almond essence and 1½ tablespoons ground almonds.

**Fruit:** Use grated rind and few drops of orange or lemon. Passionfruit pulp or chopped glace fruit can also be used.

### ICING, DECORATING

**To Ice:** Arrange cakes on cake rack over oven slide or sheet of kitchen paper. Have fondant at consistency of thick cream. Spoon over cakes, guide down sides with knife, completely covering cake. If first coating does not cover cake completely, surplus icing which has dripped on to slide below can be scraped up and reused if warmed slightly; thin, if necessary, with few drops of warm water. Spoon this icing over cake in same manner.

When flavoring and coloring icing, do so in similar manner to mock cream, placing small amounts in separate bowls and preparing as needed.

Have the flavor of icing blending with flavor of cream filling; for example, with chocolate cream use rum-flavored icing.

Recipes for fondants and icing below are simple; take care to heat over very low heat; overheating will cause icing to crystallise.

If preferred, sides of cakes can be coated with flavored cream, rolled in toasted coconut, chocolate nonpareils, crushed nuts, etc., then tops coated with icing.

#### FONDANT GLAZE No. 1

3 cups sugar  
1 cup hot water  
pinch cream of tartar  
coloring, flavoring

Combine sugar, cream of tartar, and water in saucepan, cook over low heat until sugar has dissolved, stirring constantly. Bring to boil quickly, continue cooking until syrup forms soft ball when dropped into cold water. Pour on to cold slab (marble is ideal), work with spatula until mixture becomes solid and white. Allow to rest, then knead until white and creamy. Store 2 days in air-tight jar at room temperature.

When ready to use fondant, heat small pieces at a time over hot, not boiling, water until of coating consistency. Flavor and color as desired.

#### FONDANT GLAZE No. 2

2 cups sugar  
1 cup water  
pinch cream of tartar  
1¼ to 1½lb. icing sugar

Combine water, sugar, and cream of tartar. Cook over low heat, stirring, until sugar dissolves, then bring to boil. Boil steadily 3 to 4 minutes. Cool to lukewarm. Beat in enough sifted icing sugar to give thick coating consistency. Flavor and color.

### DECORATIONS

Decorations should be attractive but simple. Flowers, leaves, grape bunches, and piped work are popular. This work is piped with royal icing and decorating tubes and bags.

Other decorations can be marzipan fruit, glace fruit, and crystallised fresh flowers.

Crystallised violets make a pretty decoration and are easy to do; dip them in lightly beaten egg-white, then in sugar, and set aside to dry.

#### ROYAL ICING

1 egg-white  
1½-2 cups pure icing sugar  
few drops lemon juice  
coloring, flavoring

Lightly beat egg-white in small basin, then gradually beat in sifted icing sugar, one spoonful at a time, until mixture is thick enough to stand in points. Add lemon juice, beat well. Flavor and color as desired.



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TO re-use wool, wind the unravelled wool round a milk bottle, wash, rinse, and let dry. The kinks will have disappeared and the wool will be fresh and clean.—Mrs. H. A. Leedman, 18 Munro St., Curtin, A.C.T.

After using icing sugar, fold the plastic bag down and secure with a spring clip wooden peg; not only does it keep the bag airtight but it prevents ants entering.—Eleanor Finger, Mountain Highway, Wantirna, Vic.

Keep sheets secure on the clothesline in windy weather: Throw sheet over line as usual, but before pegging fold

## READERS' HOUSEHOLD HINTS

● Useful hints to help in your cookery, winter knitting, and laundry, and other useful tips, win a prize of \$2 each for readers.

back about 1 in. at each edge. Thus each peg goes over four thicknesses of sheet and grips more firmly.—Mrs. R. C. Evans, Deepwater Station, Matong 6S, N.S.W.

When cooking fruit, custards, etc., don't stir in the sugar until the mixture cooks; the sugar dissolves immediately and eliminates the possibility of burning.—Mrs. M. Pryor, 558 Logan Rd., Greenslopes, Qld.

A spring-type clothespeg is useful to keep in the knitting-bag. Slipped over the ends of needles between knitting sessions, it keeps stitches firmly in place.—Mrs. A. S. King, Terrigal Rd., Terrigal, N.S.W.

If your house is very cold in winter, even with heating, cover the ventilators. Use self-adhesive paper, cut to size and pressed over ventilators. It's surprising the difference this makes.

The paper is easily removed for summer.—Mrs. J. Lindsay, 140 Taylor St., South Dubbo, N.S.W.

Add a tablespoon of custard powder to each cup of flour when making pastry for sweet pies and tarts. It gives a lovely flavor, smoother pastry, and a rich color.—Mrs. L. Hall, 53 Concorda St., Clearview, S.A.

When the newness of your shoe soles has worn off, varnish the soles. A regular varnishing makes them last much longer and helps keep out the wet.—Mrs. P. E. Tate, 45 Koolgool Way, Koongamia, W.A.

## Fruit dessert wins prize

● A recipe for a freshly flavored fruit ice to serve as a party dessert wins \$10.

### FRUIT SHERBET

- 1 banana
- 1 doz. strawberries
- pulp 1 passionfruit
- 1 cup water
- 1 cup sugar
- juice 1 lemon
- juice 1 orange
- 2 egg-whites
- 2 egg-yolks

Mash banana, strawberries, add passionfruit pulp, water, sugar, egg-yolks, lemon and orange juice. Pour into freezer trays. Freeze until a mushy consistency, remove from refrigerator. Add stiffly beaten egg-whites and mix well. Return to freezer section and freeze.

First prize of \$10 to Mrs. A. Horne, RMB 210 Quinpinup Mail, via Manjimup, W.A.

### PERSIAN MERINGUES

- 1 cup dates
- 1 cup dried apricots
- 1 cup crystallised cherries
- 1 cup walnuts
- 1 cup coconut
- 1 teaspoon grated orange rind
- 2 egg-whites
- 4 tablespoons sugar
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Mince dried fruits and nuts finely, mix in coconut and orange rind, combine all thoroughly. Roll into marble-size balls.

Beat egg-whites until stiff, then beat in sugar gradually, add vanilla. Dip each ball into meringue mixture, making sure each is completely covered. Place on lightly greased oven tray, bake in slow oven approx. 1 hour.

Consolation prize of \$2 to Miss E. Chambers, Weddin St., Grenfell, N.S.W.

### VEAL CURRY WITH YOGHURT

- 1oz. butter or substitute
- 4 sliced onions
- 1 crushed clove garlic
- 1 dessertspoon curry powder
- 1½lb. lean veal
- 1 cup yoghurt
- 1 teaspoon ground ginger
- 1 teaspoon ground cinnamon
- salt, pepper
- 1 dessertspoon plain flour

Melt butter in saucepan, saute onions and garlic until tender; remove, keep warm. Brown cubed veal in butter remaining in saucepan. Add curry powder, cook further 5 minutes. Return onions and garlic to saucepan, add seasonings, spices. Stir in yoghurt, cover, and simmer gently 1 to 1½ hours or until veal is tender. Blend flour with a little water, add just before serving to thicken the sauce.

Consolation prize of \$2 to Mrs. B. Moore, 20 Seaview St., Kotara, N.S.W.



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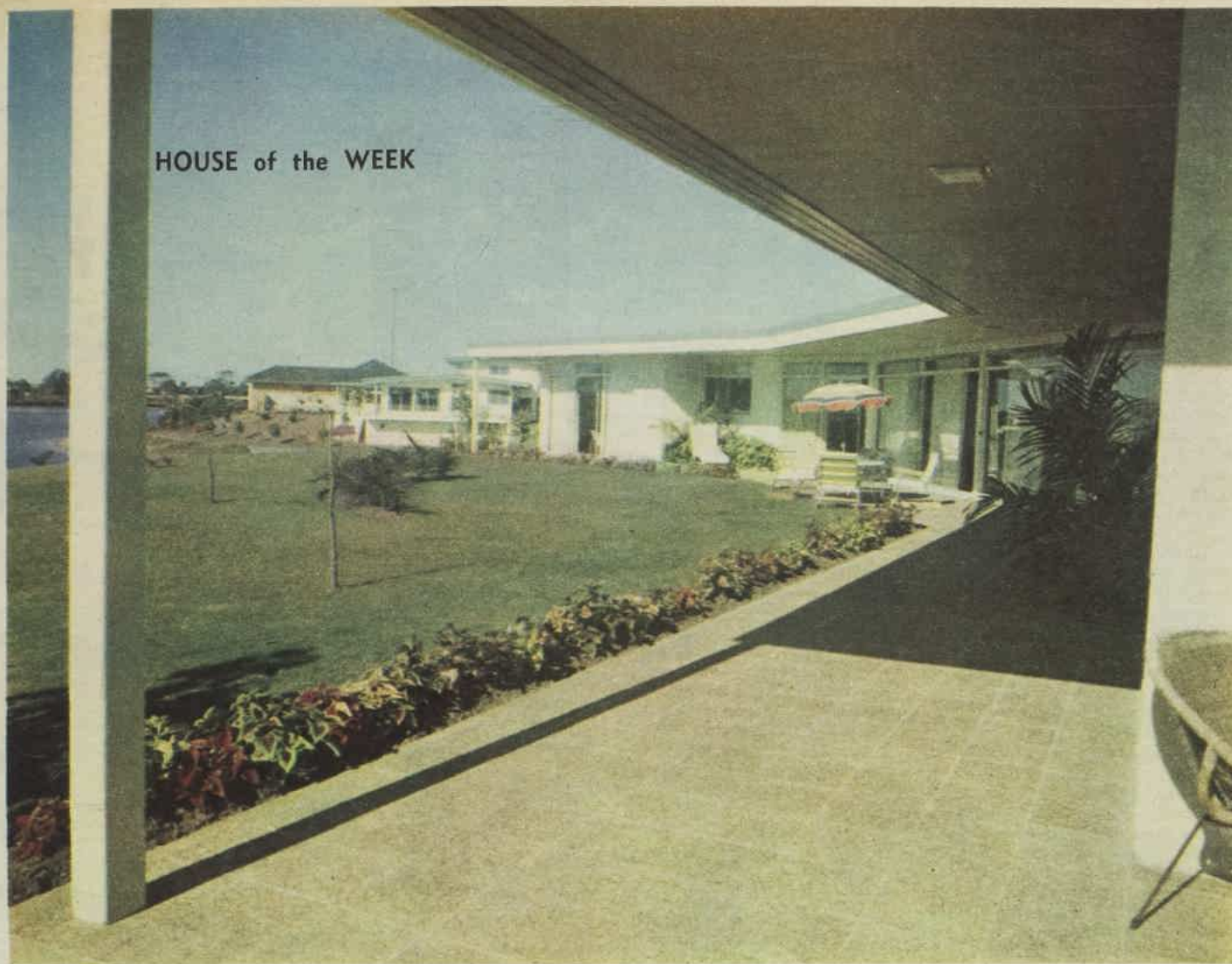
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HOUSE of the WEEK



With only one pillar at each end, the 120-foot patio sweeps in an unbroken line across the front of the house. Floor is tiled in exposed aggregate.

## AN ISLAND IN THE SUN

● Queensland land developer Bruce Small and his wife have built their own Island in the Sun on the Nerang River at Surfers Paradise — an island of 1½ acres of smooth green lawns and shrubs, enhanced by an imaginative home.

... Continued overleaf



Linking the island to the nearby "Isle of Capri" is this slate-walled bridge, with early Melbourne street lamps at each end. On either side is a narrow garden planted with brilliant hibiscus.



Headboard in main bedroom is of gilded wrought-iron panels. Bedspread of white quilted nylon is over white silk flounce printed with soft pink roses and green leaves; curtains are of matching fabric.



## HOUSE of the WEEK

... continued

THE island home of Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Small is called "Wanamara," Aboriginal name for "small," and sits on the Nerang River at Surfers Paradise, Queensland — where Mr. Small was recently elected Mayor of the Gold Coast.

The island has its own slate-paved bridge, lit by early-Melbourne street lamps and edged with hibiscus, linking it to the nearby Isle of Capri. Both the Isle of Capri and the Smalls' island were man-made by Mr. Small's company out of an area that was once a mixture of swamp, water, neglected dairy farms, and sand. On every side are views of the water, and in the distance the Surfers Paradise skyline.

The house was designed by Mr. and Mrs. Small from a combination of two American plans. It is roughly Y-shaped and has two high-walled courtyards planted with tropical shrubs and fruit trees. Across the whole of the front of the house is a 120ft.-long patio, paved in exposed aggregate tiles, which catches the morning sun and the cool afternoon breezes, and has an ever-changing view of the water.

Mr. and Mrs. Small have used as much Queensland natural wood and stone as possible. They have used locally quarried slate in many original ways—in a crazy patch-work pattern on the bridge, in a formal geometric pattern on the walls and floor of the entrance hall, and as a striking divider between sitting-room and dining area. Slate has also been used to form a high wall outside, which screens part of the house from public view. Here, to let in some light, interesting "peepholes" of antique white wrought-iron have been set in the wall. Queensland black bean has been used for much of the panelling and furniture.

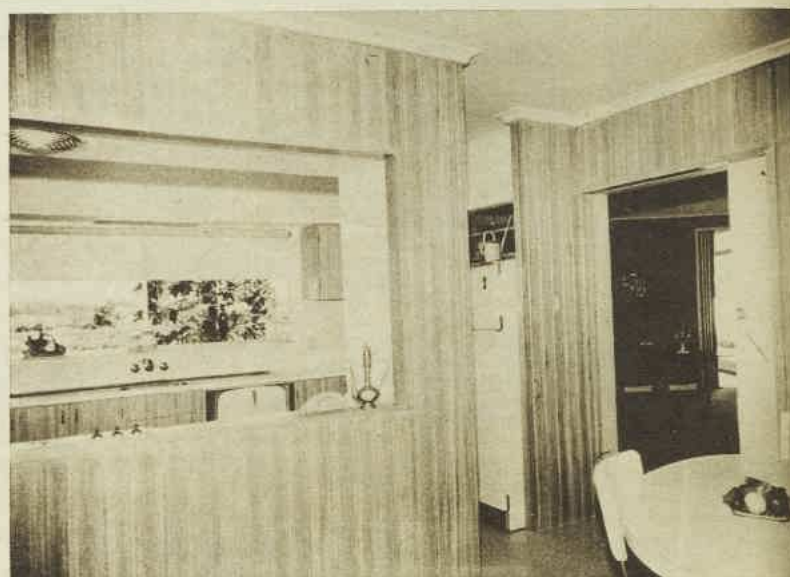
In the furnishings, gold tonings are used throughout the house, including the gold carpet in the sitting-room, the gilt-flowered garlands on one wall, the heavy nubbly silk gold curtains.

The house is that rare combination—luxurious finishes and understated elegance that yet preserve a homely and comfortable atmosphere.

—Audrey Chapman



Spectacular entrance hall (above) of Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Small's island home makes excellent use of local Queensland slate.



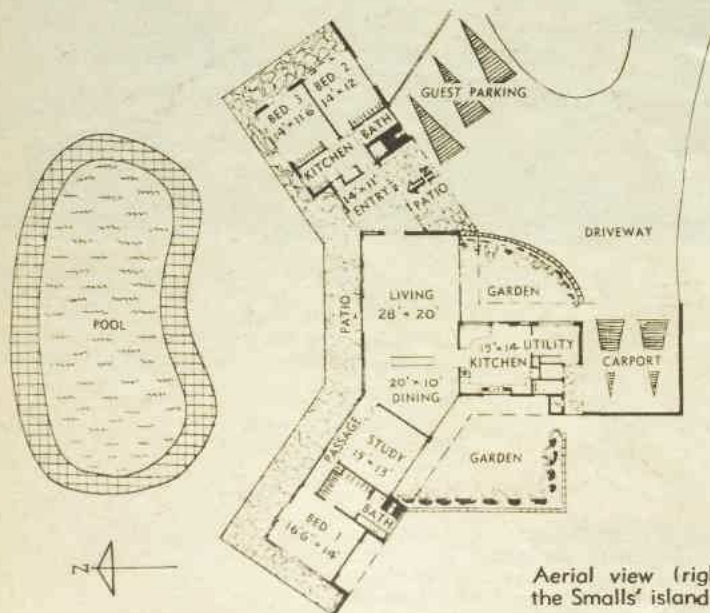
Kitchen is separated from breakfast room by panels of limed wood (right). Hotplates set into workbench simplify the serving of meals.



Mrs. Small in her modern sitting-room (right). Slate divider, incorporating a plant trough, separates the living and dining areas.



Aerial view (right) of the Smalls' island home.





# SOME OTHER SPRING

By H. E. BATES

He had loved this garden,  
but now, as he confronted  
his daughter, Gilian, he  
felt he was an intruder

IT was going to be rather something, he told himself, for the tenth time or so, to see the children again after nearly two years. They might well have changed out of all recognition; they might well be strangers.

It was partly for that reason he had left his car in the village and decided to walk the rest of the way, a quarter of a mile or so, across the fields. He would go in—no, sort of saunter in, quite casually, as if in fact the house were still his own—through the garden, by the back way. It seemed altogether too formal to use the front door.

You couldn't very well knock and say, "Hello, good afternoon, excuse me, I've come to pay my visit to the children. I'm allowed to see them once a month, if you remember. You know, the court order. Yes, I know I haven't—yes, it's been some time—I hope you got my letter? I did write to confirm."

The old Saunders' place next door looked well, he thought, across the fields. The black-and-white front stood out in the August sun like a piece of iced cake against the black background of pines. He always envied the Saunders' place—so marvellously well kept, so permanent, so immemorial somehow, so secure: all due, of course, to Elspeth, who looked after her father as efficiently as she looked after the garden, the house, the accounts, the cooking, and everything else.

She would have made someone an awfully good wife, Elspeth, he always thought: nice looks, charming, pleasant, affectionate, good taste, good clothes, good manners, good cook, good everything. He simply couldn't think why she had never made it. He supposed she might well have given up the thought of it now.

But then, in a way, perhaps it was no loss: you had to have women like Elspeth, who ran their fathers' houses with efficiency, made miracles of gardens, pleased everybody, remembered birthdays, became miraculous god-mothers, and were always faultless friends. After all, they couldn't all be wives.

The surrounding countryside looked pretty immemorial, too, he thought. It was so long since he had seen it that he had forgotten how perfectly the low fold of meadows gave way to strips of cornland, the barley almost as white as the chalk on which it grew, and the glowing beauty of the dark beechwoods above and beyond.

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## Your Complexion can be Younger

It is said that every time you wash your face you start a wrinkle, but now you can smooth and beautify the skin as you cleanse. No more taut dry skin when you use this cleansing milk that removes every trace of make-up with a dissolving action that leaves the complexion smoother, clearer, and free from wrinkle dryness. Ask your chemist for a bottle of Delph cleansing milk that gives the complexion a look of youthful beauty.

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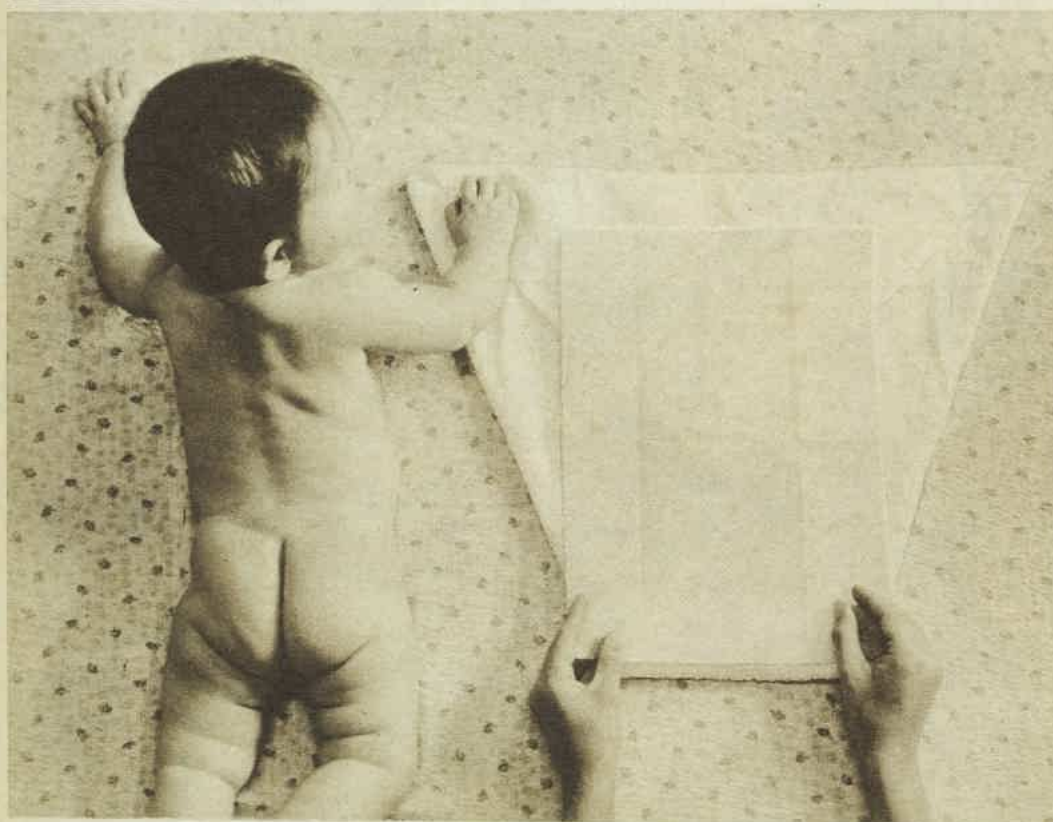
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Practical skirt is available cut out to make in dove-grey, turquoise, black, or wedgewood-blue silk-finish corduroy. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, \$5.45; 36 and 38in. bust, \$5.85. Postage and dispatch 30 cents extra.

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603



604



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## SOME OTHER SPRING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51

If these old familiar things seemed to surprise him pleasantly, the sight of his own house—it wasn't his own any more, but for some reason he couldn't get out of the habit of thinking it was—grated on him, it always had, with irritation. You could see even from a distance that it fairly sprouted shabbiness. Even the curtains of the window in the east gable hadn't been pulled back: that old, old bone of contention. Why on earth couldn't Carrie remember?

Naturally, of course, because she was Carrie. She was made like that. He could look at it dispassionately now. Untidiness, shabbiness, slopping about, come-easy, go-easy, dust and cobwebs: she loved it all; to her it was all, in a sense, romantic. A house in the country was merely a glorious ramshackle plaything for messing about with, whereas he himself had just as naturally wanted it to be ordered, civilised, a pattern.

For instance, the garden. He had been most passionately keen on the garden. He had gone to great expense in making, among other things, a rock-garden, with specially imported stone, and a lily pond. In no time the lily pond was full of rusty toys, old bricks, ice-cream cartons, ghastly little tricycles. The children dug sand-castles among the rocks. They played absolute hell with his beautifully nurtured gentians.

Carrie thought this natural, even funny. They must be allowed, she fiercely maintained, to be themselves, to give expression to this and that, to run free.

"But the wretched pool looks like a bomb-site. Look at the mess—look at the tin cans—"

"Then let it look like a bomb-site. To them—"

"But damn it, hell, it isn't a bomb-site. It's a pool. A lily pool. I paid good hard-earned money to have the thing made and now look what the little horrors—"

"And how are they to know that? They don't know. They can't differentiate between a lily pool and a bomb-site. To them it's merely a place. They can't differentiate—"

"Oh, don't keep using words like differentiate!"

"And why not?"

"Oh, it's sort of counsilese—sort of—well, why don't you just say 'tell the difference'?—I don't know, it's sort of suburban—"

"Sort of, sort of, sort of—My heavens, it's no more suburban than that!"

But now he had reached the back boundary of the garden. He paused by the privet hedge. He seemed to see them still, the little perishers. He saw Nigel, the boy, actually riding a filthy tricycle through the lily pond, crushing lilies as they floated

in full bloom, with Gilian, the girl, towed on behind in what seemed to be some sort of wretched fish-box on wheels. They were laughing uproariously, almost idiotically, and Carrie was laughing with them. No wonder he had hated and loved them; no wonder the end had come.

"You've got a sort of bead-frame mind, you have. Everything's got to be neat and in rows. Proper colors and added up. All nice and tidy and mathematical," Carrie had said.

He was almost, at that moment, on the verge of turning back. It seemed the height of stupidity, suddenly, to rake it all up again. Could children change? He doubted it. Once there, the character could only manifest itself accordingly; like a plant, it was fixed: poisonous or not, fragrant or otherwise.

ALL of a sudden he was bothered by something about the hedge. It was somehow different. That end of the garden had always been a rampant wilderness deep in nettles, a maze of bryony and elderberry everywhere. It was where the tin cans came from.

Now he was aware not merely of an air of change but even of order. To his infinite astonishment the hedge had been smoothly clipped. The elderberry bushes that he remembered as being like untidy purple autumnal umbrellas had been laid low. The wicket gate, halfway along it, had actually been painted, the slats alternately green and white.

With his hand on the latch of the gate he was halted by an oppressive thought. Had Carrie married again and not told him? Or had she now a boyfriend for whom the new-painted garden was as essential a part of her attraction as the lipstick on her face?

He suddenly felt, in any case, a dreadful stranger, an intruder, cold and out of it.

He supposed, now, that that was why she had invited him to tea: family gathering and so on. It would ease the situation: everyone on best behaviour. This, at least, was a relief. In such a situation he wouldn't have to play games, make pet mice out of handkerchiefs, or pretend, as he jogged the children on his knee, that he was a raspberry-jam factory.

He pushed open the gate and went into a garden that surprised him, like the hedge, with its air of orderliness. Gone were not only the elderberry bushes but the tin cans. Shrubs, with an underplanting of silver foliage in many shapes, had supplanted them. The old brick wall that ran

To page 53

### Mrs. H. WIFE



"As with all the arts, the secret is simplicity."



behind and beyond had been cleaned up and planted with a yellow Mermaid rose, still in full bloom, and a clematis that erupted over the crest of it in thick purple pennants, warm velvet in the August sun.

"And, good heavens, an Abutilon megapotamicum! Incredible. What on earth's that doing here?" He stood staring at a shrub hung with many red and black and yellow bells, in shape not unlike a fuchsia, and felt a sharp strange pang of envy. Some new influence had been at work all right. How otherwise had she ever managed to plant that? It wasn't even hardy.

He started to finger the shrub's slender leaves, jealous now not only of the shrub but of Carrie. In a way it wasn't quite fair. He had always wanted to grow that particular Abutilon but had never really dared to risk it. The three-colored bells were so beautiful. They were like little pagodas. He fingered the leaves again. One might, he supposed, have a shot with cuttings?

"Are you trying to pinch bits from the garden?"

"Oh, no, I really wasn't doing that. Oh, no, I was just admiring."

He turned and saw his daughter, Gilian, standing on the edge of the path. He supposed she was seven now, or thereabouts. He couldn't accurately remember. She seemed awfully tall, anyway, he thought, and was wearing

## SOME OTHER SPRING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52

a red skirt and her blonde hair in a ponytail.

"No, you really mustn't think I was stealing. Just admiring, that's all."

"That's what all the people said at the garden party. Oh, no, nobody was putting bits in their handkerchiefs! Just admiring, that's all. Did you want Mummy?"

"I'm your father."

FOR a moment he fully expected her to say something like "I might have known," but then, as the cold notion of being a stranger suddenly enveloped him again, he heard the familiar voice of Carrie, rather high-pitched as usual, saying as she came across the lawn: "Ah, there you are! No wonder we couldn't see you—creeping in by the back way, eh?"

He refrained from commenting, although strongly and briefly tempted, on the word creeping, and merely said: "Afraid I was caught in the act. Hello."

"Well, after all, there is a front-door bell."

He stood facing Carrie, not knowing what to say. He hadn't seen her, either, for nearly two years. She was very brown and rather leaner in the face, he thought. Her very light blonde hair was done in that chewed-off

fashion that seemed to be so popular at the moment. He didn't like it. His daughter stood apart.

He felt he ought to refer, somehow, to the incident of the Abutilon. He said he supposed that Gilian hadn't recognised him.

"Oh, nonsense! Of course she knew you. She's been hopping about expecting you all day."

"Yes? I must say the Abutilon took me by surprise."

"The what?"

"The Abutilon. The thing growing up the wall. I must say you've done wonders with the wall."

"Oh, that. That's not me, I'm afraid. That's Charles. He's responsible for all that."

Well, damn it, he thought. He felt she might have told him. He supposed, really, that he hadn't any real right to know of — well, any new set-

up, liaison, or whatever it was — but he was after all the father of the children.

Who was this Charles? Another gardener, it seemed. That struck him as pretty rich. He and Carrie had practically arrived at dagger-point because of what she called his bead-frame mind, his meticulous passion for the straight line, proper colors, and everything added up, and now here was this Charles and the garden as neat and ordered as a park.

He noticed that the children weren't dashing about it everywhere on those damned tricycles, either. He looked hastily at Gilian, who in return gave him, shyly, a side-long glance and a smile. She, too, like the garden, was incredibly tidy, so utterly different from the sloppy, muddy little horror who had trailed about his lily pool that again he felt a stranger, cold, out of it all.

Then he remembered that, of course, he was a stranger. He didn't belong here. He

heard Carrie ask if he wouldn't like to see the rest of the garden before tea, and as they began to walk across the lawn, itself as smooth and even as a sheet of green baize, his eye caught in the middle distance a great orange crowd of tiger-lilies, curled turbaned heads flaming against some artemisia like a cloud of grey.

He was at once stricken by a pang of jealousy. At the same time he had to admire the rightness of the combination, of the contrast between gold flower and grey leaf, fire and smoke. It was all most effective — if anything, too damned effective.

"Oh, that's Charles again. Anything you see out of the ordinary, that's Charles."

He now supposed that Charles would, of course, be at tea. Conversation would have to be made with Charles; he would have to be polite. In irritation he wished he had never come. It was all a



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## \*\*\*\*\* AS I READ \*\*\*\*\* THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting June 28

- ARIES**  
MAR. 21-APR. 20  
\* Lucky number this week, 3.  
\* Gambling colors, blue, grey.  
\* Lucky days, Wed., Friday.
- TAURUS**  
APR. 21-MAY 20  
\* Lucky number this week, 5.  
\* Gambling colors, red, yellow.  
\* Lucky days, Friday, Sat.
- GEMINI**  
MAY 21-JUNE 21  
\* Lucky number this week, 7.  
\* Gambling colors, black, white.  
\* Lucky days, Sat., Monday.
- CANCER**  
JUNE 22-JULY 22  
\* Lucky number this week, 4.  
\* Gambling colors, rose, navy.  
\* Lucky days, Sunday, Tuesday.
- LEO**  
JULY 23-AUG. 22  
\* Lucky number this week, 9.  
\* Gambling colors, green, blue.  
\* Lucky days, Thurs., Monday.
- VIRGO**  
AUG. 23-SEPT. 23  
\* Lucky number this week, 2.  
\* Gambling colors, orange, tan.  
\* Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday.
- LIBRA**  
SEPT. 24-OCT. 23  
\* Lucky number this week, 6.  
\* Gambling colors, lilac, grey.  
\* Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.
- SCORPIO**  
OCT. 24-NOV. 23  
\* Lucky number this week, 8.  
\* Gambling colors, tricolors.  
\* Lucky days, Thurs., Monday.
- SAGITTARIUS**  
NOV. 24-DEC. 23  
\* Lucky number this week, 6.  
\* Gambling colors, lilac, red.  
\* Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.
- CAPRICORN**  
DEC. 24-JAN. 20  
\* Lucky number this week, 4.  
\* Gambling colors, green, brown.  
\* Lucky days, Sat., Monday.
- AQUARIUS**  
JAN. 21-FEB. 19  
\* Lucky number this week, 7.  
\* Gambling colors, black, red.  
\* Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.
- PISCES**  
FEB. 20-MAR. 20  
\* Lucky number this week, 1.  
\* Gambling colors, green, red.  
\* Lucky days, Thursday, Mon.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

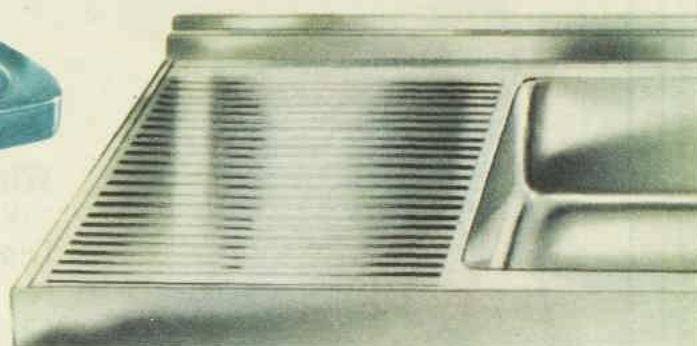
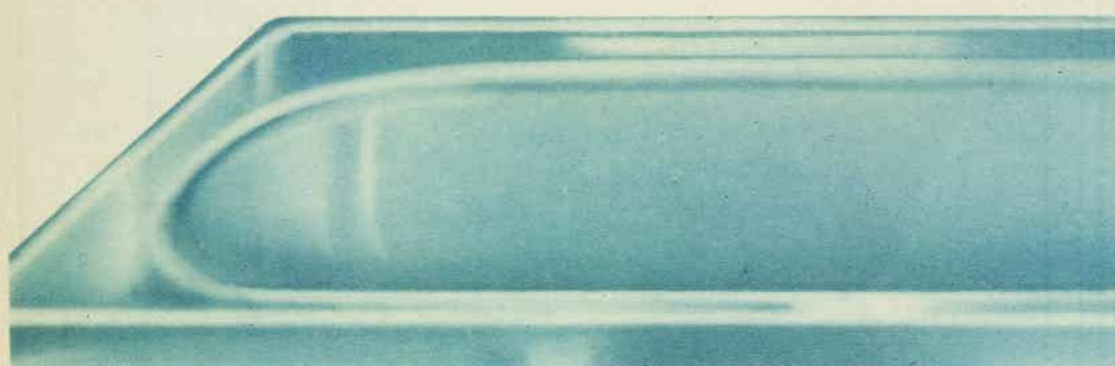


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bit deceitful, not quite fair, not playing the game.

"I think you're awfully like your photograph."

He discovered that Gilian was walking very close to him. Her airy light ponytail was almost transparent in the sun. He was aware of a presence very feminine and slightly strange, too, not at all dauntlessly. Her sharp blue eyes, though shy, never left him.

"I take awful photographs. Which photograph was that?"

"The one where you're gathering wild strawberries. Up on the hills."

"Oh, yes."

"You've got your handkerchief knotted over your head because it was so hot. Don't you remember?"

**C**HILDREN had awful memories, he thought. They remembered the most ridiculous, impossible details.

"You remember that," Carrie said. "Even I remember that day."

"We gathered five pounds and afterwards we made jam and it didn't set very well." Gilian kept him in a sharp, prolonged sidelong glance, now partly in recollection, part in scrutiny. "You can't go up there now. They've ploughed it all up."

"Oh, yes, I remember now." He didn't remember at all — or just, perhaps, very vaguely.

Glad to change the subject, he noted a new blaze of fire across the garden: a burning vermilion cluster of horns with small white honeycombs of dahlias below. Again, the contrast was very striking, very right. He supposed it was a salvia of some sort.

"Oh, you must ask Charles. He knows all about names. I'm hopeless. You know, I think you and old Charles might have a great deal in common."

Old Charles, he noted with irritation, and then saw that she was smiling at him. He noticed the particular quality of the smile with surprise. Formerly, it, too, might have been an irritant. It was an old habit of hers to smile when acid, even bitter. Now there was no trace of acrimony.

"You must come and see my garden. I've got a piece all to myself."

"Oh, yes, you must see Gilian's garden. She's mad about her garden."

"When, now?"

"When she's ready. You're very honored. Even I don't get asked."

"After tea, will you come?"

"Yes, of course."

Speaking of tea, Carrie said, she thought they might go into the house now. Where was Nigel? Would Gilian run and find him? He found

himself recoiling coldly at the name Nigel. He had always hated that name. It had been a great source of conflict, that name, a great breeder of rows, but in the end he had given in.

"He'll come, won't he?" Gilian stood very close to him again, still holding him with that sharp, shy, sidelong glance. "He never comes if you go and fetch him."

"Here's Elspeth, anyway. Oh, there you are, Elspeth — nice and early, good."

Charles, he noted now to himself, didn't have all the monopoly of taste and the rightness of doing things. As Elspeth came across the lawn in a light cream linen suit piped at the edges with what seemed to be thinnest stalks of bright green reed she also seemed to have the quality of some well-placed flower. Her deep natural brown hair was burning and sombre in the sun.

"Now we all know about your dreadful memory, but don't go and say you don't remember Elspeth."

"Of course I remember Elspeth. Vividly. Is that the right thing to say, Elspeth?"

"Of course. Only there was a time when you used to kiss me, too."

Elspeth held up her face to be kissed. He duly kissed it, on both cheeks, with polite affection. At the same time he remembered that he had kissed neither Carrie nor his daughter. It was perhaps remiss. On the other hand, there was Charles.

"That's more like it." The eyes of Elspeth were like moist, gold-brown shells.

"How are you? Let's have a look at you." She stood back to appraise him. Her smile, like the cheeks he'd just kissed so lightly, was smooth and warm. "Pass with honors."

"Putting on a little weight, I thought," Carrie said.

"Carrie, nonsense! Not a gramme."

"Have you put on weight? You have."

"Why is everyone so obsessed with weight?" he said. "If you must know, I've lost three ounces since yesterday. I've had my hair cut."

Elspeth laughed brightly at this, with rich amusement. Carrie seemed, however, not to think it funny, and looked at him with what, in the past, he had sometimes called that old-spoon look of hers. It was tarnished and unreflective.

"Well, and what do you think of the garden? Don't you think we've livened it up?"

"We?"

"Oh, it's Charles and Elspeth who've done it all. You know how mad keen Elspeth always was. Charles and she talk the language. Just like you do."

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## WE ALMOST HAD A DIAMOND

By ALICE WERNHERR

**T**HE one trouble with the Rutgers was that they were too compatible — Beryl could read her husband's mind. She looked at the olive-green paper ornamented by four stencilled figures in Arnold's hand and knew exactly what he was going to say.

"No," she cut him off. "I don't need a diamond for our 25th anniversary."

"But," Arnold said, "I don't get a bonus every day, and I've owed you a diamond for all those years."

"Nonsense," answered Beryl, "we were both foolish once. I, too, believed the art dealer that the marble lady with the chopped-off arms was nearly a thousand years old. So we started our marriage with a Venus instead of a diamond."

Arnold glanced lovingly at the statue in the corner of the old-fashioned living-room. "She's charming, in spite of her youth," he said softly. "You should've picked a diamond for our tenth anniversary, though," he added ruefully.

Beryl shook her head. "It was too late then — by that time I was as ardent an art collector as you." She pointed to the time-darkened painting of the golden-haired cherub. "He may still turn out to be an original Old Master."

"It's fortunate," Arnold said, "that I made a few good sales and the firm awarded me this bonus — now you can have your diamond after all." He looked at his wife hopefully. "Or did you by any chance pass by that art gallery?" His eyes lit up.

Beryl knew exactly what was in his mind. Something modern, bold, and blazing — his taste had turned toward the contemporary lately. She also knew that she had to steel herself.

"No," she said, "I did not pass 'that' art gallery — I went to the department store — the furniture section."

Arnold stared at her with big, unbelieving eyes.

Beryl nodded firmly. "Yes, dear," she continued, "we always have been a bit — well, unrealistic. But man does not live by oysters alone, he needs bread. We have acquired a beautiful art collection, but look at those overstuffed chairs, the rickety tables. How can our daughter invite her boyfriend into this house —"

"You mean," interrupted Arnold, "Clark Curtis, jun., the son of Clark Curtis, sen., chairman of the board of one bank, vice-president of another, and director . . ."

Beryl nodded. "Sandra's very fond of him."

"That's possible," Arnold said, "they do have one thing in common — that crazy interest in sports and vehicles."

"Clark's a very nice boy," Beryl said defensively. "His mother has passed away, and he needs an understanding girl like Sandra. I've invited him and his father to our anniversary party. I've picked out new furniture, too — all modern. The Curtises must never suspect that Sandra's folks are a bit — well, let's say, eccentric."

Arnold's usually dreamy expression tried to match the earnestness of his greying temples. "No sacrifice too big for our daughter," he sighed. "Here, darling, take the cheque and go to the — the department store." He choked a bit on the words. "I guess I'll take a little stroll uptown."

From that night on the Rutgers' marriage was a bit less compatible. Arnold's evening strolls stretched longer and longer. For a while Beryl tried to make light of them, until one night she could not bear it any longer. As soon as Arnold had left she slipped into something inconspicuous and soft-shoed out into the dark after him.

Arnold was walking briskly, like a young lover to a date. Beryl knew instantly where he was headed. She did not have to trail him, but walked a different street leading to the same spot — "that" art gallery.

The window showed one picture only, but it was fairly lit up with it. It shone and blazed with this painting at which Arnold stared spellbound — like a beggar at a queen. How his shoulders sagged! Beryl could hardly believe her eyes. All at once Arnold looked every bit of his age — each year, each hour, each minute of it.

"But what will the Curtises think of our old, stuffy



Beryl was thrilled with the statue of Venus her husband had given her.

furniture—" Beryl asked herself over and over again on her way home. "It's Sandra's happiness that counts." She listened to her determined steps on the lonely street — their hard, cold echo.

"What if Sandra should lose the boy she cares for because of her egotistical parents?" she asked herself. She thought of the man standing alone in front of a picture, casting a tired shadow.

It was very hard for Beryl to fake serenity those last days before the anniversary, but she managed somehow. She even kept a straight face when one night Arnold returned from his stroll pale and upset.

"Did you ever hear of a contemporary painter Leo Meiershoffer?" he asked. "The gallery sold his painting for \$1000. He went to France on that money. It will be a long time before we'll see another picture by him." He sighed deeply. "I hope whoever bought that painting will give it all the love it deserves."

The night of the anniversary started as all party nights do, with grand confusion. Beryl had worked in the living-room all day and limped with exhaustion. Now she kept the door locked and sternly forbade Arnold and Sandra even to peer through the keyhole.

"Did the furniture come?" Arnold ogled the door as if he suspected a body behind it.

"You're in the way," Beryl told him. "Sandra, keep basting the roast."

Sandra, the only cheerful member of the trio, kept basting, chewing gum, and whistling — she could do it all simultaneously and equally well.

"Ouch," cried Beryl exhaustedly and dropped a bone china plate.

At this cue the doorbell rang and the Clark Curtises, Senior and Junior, stepped in, rosy, rested, and with cherubic smiles. Magically, the Rutgers themselves turned graceful, charming, and all cheer.

"Please come in," Beryl beamed and swung open the living-room door. All the furniture looked rejuvenated, highly polished under vases and bowls of fresh flowers.

However, nobody looked at the furniture, because there it was, covering an entire wall, blinding like a sunburst.

"Our anniversary picture," Beryl said simply.

Only Clark Curtis, sen., chairman of the board, refused to freeze into a statue.

"Why, that's a Leo Meiershoffer," he cried. "Leo's that guy who won that big prize in Paris — it was on television this morning. Why, that painting's worth easily six figures."

Arnold remained in a trance, and Beryl had to nudge him when, over the first glass of champagne, Clark Curtis, jun., announced that he and Sandra were engaged.

"No surprise," his father countered. "I wrote out that cheque for the diamond myself. Let's see it."

"No diamond," Sandra said cheerfully, "we used the cheque for a down payment on that roadster we're so wild about."

It took Clark Curtis, sen., a while to recover his humor. "My son's a nut," he announced. "I'm glad he's marrying into a down-to-earth family of clever, shrewd investors — that will cure him of his eccentricities!"

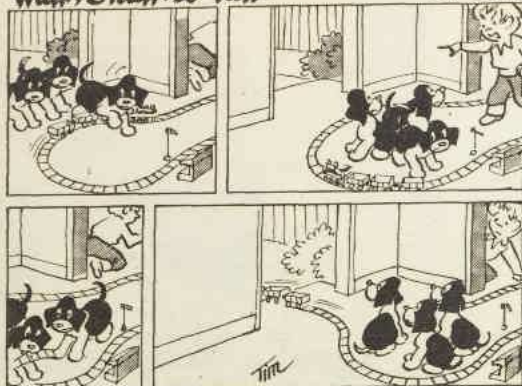
Beryl and Arnold sat hand in hand. Something wonderful was happening to them. They could hear the picture sing — it was like the music of the sun rising from the water — a sound one only can hear with the heart: "The voice of love."

(Copyright)



"I liked that part when she thought he was going to kiss her . . . and he hit her instead!"





The voice of Carrie was again an irritant. They were all walking across the lawn now, Gilian still close to him, still watching. The old white French rose, Madame Alfred Carriere, was still flowering beautifully, for the second time, on the house wall, and for some reason he again thought of the Abutlon.

"Yes, that was from a cutting of mine," Elspeth said.

"Everything's from Elspeth's cuttings. Elspeth brings them and Charles bungs them in."

He had no idea, for a few moments, what to say, and walked on in silence. Then something made him remember Gilian. Her eyes

were still fixed on him and he said: "What about your garden? Does Charles help in your garden, too?"

"Oh, no! My garden's my own."

They would have tea, Carrie said, on the lawn, under the big cherry tree. She would put the kettle on; everything was ready on a tray.

It was close beyond the cherry tree where the lily pond had been. He looked for it now in vain. A bed of heathers, with dwarf conifers and clumps of blue-grey grass and a pocket or two of miniature scarlet roses, had taken its place.

"I'm afraid the pool's gone. That was an early casualty. The aquatic things grew like mad and smoth-

ered the waterlilies, and then the cherry leaves came down, and in the end there just wasn't any water. It was an awful mess. Charles couldn't have that. He filled it in."

Silently he mourned the pool. It had been rather a pet of his, the pool. Perhaps it was badly sited there, too near the tree, but all the same —

"Will you be long, Carrie?" Elspeth's voice interrupted. "Can I help? If not, I'd rather like to show Roger that thing I snaffled from the old abbey garden. The red thing. The one nobody's been able to name."

"As long as you don't drag it out too long. India or China?"

"China, I think. I know Roger likes China. He always did."

THE eyes of Gilian watched him like those of a dog waiting to be tempted with a morsel of food, for the snap of a leash, for a run across the fields.

"I do want you to see this thing. Nobody has a notion what it is. I suppose we could send it to Kew and they'd know. How does the garden strike you?"

"It seems larger somehow."

"That's Charles. He's done a lot of clever cutting down, Charles. Opening up vistas and that sort of thing."

He suddenly felt the compulsive pull of two forces: a growing impatience with Charles, and a submission to the deep brown warmth of Elspeth's voice urging him to look now at a long serpentine valley of azaleas where once, he knew, nothing had grown but gooseberries. Of course, the azaleas were over now, but in the spring — it had been marvellous in the spring.

#### FROM THE BIBLE

● *Happy are those who know they are spiritually poor: the Kingdom of Heaven belongs to them!*  
— St. Matthew 5; 3.

(Today's English Version)

"Did I hear a rumor that you were going to be married again?"

He knew it was a try-on; he knew there was no such rumor. He merely said: "No, no. And you? What about you?"

"Oh, I still keep house for Father."

"Still? It isn't good for you."

"I suppose not."

She caught his arm, guiding him away from the azaleas. The new plan of the garden was all unfamiliar to him. It wasn't his any longer and he felt more than ever a stranger to it all, a cold intruder.

"Well, there it is. What do you make of it? I just snaffled a couple of cuttings and in no time Charles had it going."

He was coming to the point where, he thought, he could cheerfully have strangled Charles. The shrub he now saw before him, four or five feet high, flowering with a curious blood-red tassel, slightly flamboyant, was very beautiful. It was totally unfamiliar, too, but he said: "It's that Obedient Plant thing, isn't it? You push the flowers round and they stay where you put them."

"I never thought of that."

"Try pushing the flowers round. Swivel them. They ought to stay where you put them. Like the hands of a clock."

He watched her fingers on the blood-red flowers. He saw her touch and twist and turn them this way and that, and then saw that they were not like the hands of a clock. They didn't obey; they didn't stay where you put them.

"So it isn't that, after all."

"No, it can't be that. To me it always looked like a sub-tropical snapdragon. But it's not. No other thoughts?"

No, he said, he was afraid he had other thoughts. It was something of a mystery. Of course, she

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**RICH IN  
FRESH  
COOKED  
FLAVOUR**

## Continental BRAND GARDEN VEGETABLE SOUP

Looks great! Tastes the same way, with the skilfully blended flavours of so many fresh garden vegetables. Carrots, sweet tasting peas, crisp parsnips and tender young beans. Tomatoes, fresh green spinach, onions and just the right seasonings,

skilfully blended ready for you to cook. That's the secret of the success of Continental Garden Vegetable Soup — you do the cooking yourself. So the family will praise you — and Continental don't mind one little bit. We're glad to help.

**Continental** GARDEN VEGETABLE SOUP IS RICH IN FRESH COOKED FLAVOUR



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# DRESS SENSE by BETTY KEEP

- The sleeveless shirt-dress (below), with its full gathered skirt and sashed waistline, is my design choice for a floor-length evening gown for a country reader.

HERE is part of the reader's letter and my reply to her request:

"Could you let me have a design and paper pattern for a floor-length evening frock? I want a waisted style with a full skirt. My boyfriend does not like beltless styles. I live in a country town and fashion is rather conservative."

Illustrated below is the design

you inquired about. The dress is sashed at the waistline and has two pockets on the gathered skirt. The sleeveless bodice is front-buttoned and finished with a pointed, bias-cut collar. Under the illustration are how-to-order details.

"I love to wear fitted sheath

dresses in pastel shades for after-five occasions. My hips are 39½ in., bust 38, and waist 37. I have been told I am too big for this type of dressing. Please give me your opinion."

No to the fitted sheath. My choice is an easy-fit A-line dress.

There is nothing against your wearing pastels if they are becoming to your coloring.

"I have a grey worsted suit in perfect condition from last season. Because I have rather dark skin, the suit does nothing for me. Could you suggest something to liven up the outfit? I am 19 and quite slim."

Either a white turtle-neck sweater or a shirt in pink shantung would cheer up your grey suit. Add low-heeled, black patent shoes, a black patent bag, and white gloves.

"I want to make a dress and coat to wear to church, concerts, and on outings. I am

a young married woman and take an SSW fitting. Please suggest color or colors — I am dark with a clear skin. I have bought a pattern and want the ensemble to look rather expensive."

Burnt orange for the coat and creamy beige for the dress. Line the coat with the dress fabric; this will give an extra touch of luxury.

"What style of dressy black shoes would be new and fashionable to wear with an orange wool shift?"

Black patent leather with gold or silver buckles.



1698. — Shirt-waist evening dress has ribbon bow tied at the front. Sizes, 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38 in. bust. 1698 Vogue Paris original by Givenchy. Price \$1.80 includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

## RIVETS



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# The GARDEN in JULY

By ALLAN SEALE

**CREPE MYRTLES**, poinsettias, deciduous fruit trees, and (in most areas) roses can be pruned this month. Spring-flowering shrubs (prunus, weigela, guelder rose, etc.) are pruned immediately after flowering.

Crepe myrtles (*lagerstroemia*) flower in summer on new growth made in spring. There are no pruning rules. New shoots will come from just behind the cut, whether on new wood or old. As a guide: shorten back last season's canes or branchlets to within about 9in. of the older branch. Visualise three or four branchlets coming from each shortened cane. If this suggests crowding, cut some canes right back to the older branch.

After pruning like this for some years, the heads of spurs at the ends of the main branches can become congested, and may be removed entirely by cutting farther back into the tree. This heavy pruning may affect the next flowering, so compensate by cutting every second or third branch back heavily, and the balance in the following winters. Rub off all but three or four new shoots to each stub.

## ROSE PRUNING

In warm to temperate districts, July is best for rose pruning—toward the end, in cool districts; even in early August where late frosts are expected.

Rose pruning has previously been covered in detail. To summarise: First remove dead wood or old canes carrying only spindly growth by cutting away

Gardening Book, Vol. 3 — page 136



GLADIOLI: Prepare the ground well, and plant now in a sunny position.

close above the junction where a new healthy cane emerges, or close to the base of the plant.

Then shorten back new, healthy canes by cutting about 3in. above (sloping back slightly) an eye pointing in the direction growth is required. An eye or dormant eye is found just above the junction of leaf and stem. Leave four or five on each sturdy new cane.

Rake up and burn prunings, then spray the area to destroy spores of black spot, which carries over to next season on dead, infected foliage. Chipping any surface mulch into the soil to rot down also helps prevent carry-over of spores.

## POINSETTIAS

Prune poinsettias as soon as the flowers have finished. Unpruned, they make twiggy growth, with lateral-tending flower stems—they don't have vigorous stems or large flowers.

Treat as the crepe myrtle, shortening back last season's growth, the old flower stem. Don't worry about the exuding milky sap. It corrects itself without harm to the plant, but does stain clothes and hands.

Plants unpruned for several years can only be reformed by pruning back into heavy branches of old wood.

New plants establish quickly from cuttings. Select sturdy canes about 2ft. long, about an inch in diameter, from the old flower stems. Firm these about 6in. deep in their permanent position, or in large pots. Be sparing with water until growth starts.

## BERRIES

Berry crops or brambles are planted now. These include loganberries, boysenberries, youngberries, raspberries, blueberries, currants, and gooseberries. All are planted from rooted canes.

Berries are in their element in the southern States or mountain climates, but, except for currants and gooseberries, can be grown in mild, temperate areas. (This refers to the true gooseberry, botanically *Ribes*. The Cape gooseberry is *Physalis*, and unrelated.)

Raspberries, youngberries, and boysenberries need plenty of space, as they sucker freely.

## ANNUALS

Pansies, violas, iceland poppies, calendulas, etc., which have just started or are close to flowering, can be coaxed into greater activity by watering each fortnight with a complete liquid plant food, which is effective even at low temperatures, at which sulphate of ammonia-based fertilisers are of little benefit.

Removing old flower heads will also keep the plants blooming eagerly. They lose interest when allowed to seed.

Gardening Book, Vol. 3 — page 137

## GLADIOLI

Gladioli grow in any sunny, well-drained position. When grown in rows just for cutting, confine to the utility garden. They are best in general garden display if planted in clumps among not too tall annuals, or in the foreground of shrubberies. Plant ten or a dozen corms in a clump about 12in. across; 4in. between the corms is adequate, if clumps are at least 2ft. apart.

Plant clumps by making a hole about 1ft. across and 8in. deep, with an inch or two of well-rotted compost and a handful of complete fertiliser in the base. Mix a little soil with this, bringing it to within about 4in. of the top.

Then cover with another inch of plain topsoil. The corms are bedded in this, spaced near the outer edge of the hole. Before filling in, place a short stake in the centre of the hole as a marker and a later support.

The actual depth of planting is only 3in. This is shallow, but allows for some settlement of the soil mixture. Surrounding soil should be dug to the depth of the planting hole, which otherwise could act as a sump.

Short cut: If you aren't prepared for such lengthy preparation, good gladioli can still be grown in normal soil, in clumps or row formation.

After covering, sprinkle about 1-3rd cup of complete plant food per yard over the soil. The soluble nutrients will diffuse as they filter down. Plant about 4in. deep, but 1in. deeper in very light, sandy soils, 1in. shallower in heavy soil.

## VIOLETS

Violets which produce few flowers could be in too dense shade or, if foliage is lush, the plants may be shading themselves. Try clipping the foliage to allow more light to penetrate. When buds appear, give liquid plant food.

Dry, mottled foliage suggests red spider. Spray with nicotine sulphate or meta-systox. Both are poisonous so use with care. Frequent hosing to wet the underside of the foliage will also deter red spider.

## SOME OTHER SPRING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56

could, he suggested, always go back to the garden she had pinched it from and ask there.

She laughed, throwing her head back, and the sound was as warm and tawny as the tiger-lilies he had seen, not long since, burning across the garden.

"Supposing I took a flower and looked it up and dropped you a line?"

No, she said, she thought that would rather spoil it now. It would be better to let it stay as it was, something of a mystery. It would probably turn out to be some awfully ordinary thing—a rampant weed from Kenya or somewhere. One day you'd meet someone who would laugh in your face and say, "What, that thing? We could never get rid of it."

Her alternate laughing and talking suddenly stopped. The garden, shut off at some distance from the house, became very quiet. A profound silence sang all about them. The warm brown eyes encompassed him and she said: "Shouldn't ask this, I suppose. But why the long time coming back? It's difficult, I suppose."

"I wasn't exactly encouraged."

"Well, you're encouraged now."

She put her face to his, giving him no more than the shadow of a kiss on the side of it.

"Well, now tea, I suppose."

"Well, yes, I suppose—"

She started to walk away. For a moment or two he felt left in the air. Then he felt a powerful urge to take her by the shoulders and turn her back. After all, he was free. There was nothing, not a thing, to hold him now.

"Well, come on. You heard what Carrie said. Don't drag it out too long."

He joined her without a word and together they went up through the new azalea walk, crimson here and there

with a burning leaf or two, and so to the lawn and across to the house.

He became aware, halfway across the lawn, of a waiting figure.

"Gilian's on the watch for you."

"So I see."

From the house Carrie appeared, carrying a silver teapot and a plate of cream-cheese sandwiches. She smiled and said there they were and how perfectly they had timed it and her voice was dry. "Milk or lemon, Roger?"

"Oh, lemon," Elspeth said. "He always did."

"I'll have lemon today, too," Gilian said.

SET half in sun, half in shade, the table, with its shining cups and china, gave a twisted sort of sparkle.

"Well, did you solve the great mystery?"

No, he said, he was afraid he'd made a wrong guess.

"Obedient Plant, he thought," Elspeth said. "But it turned out not. It didn't obey."

Well, Carrie said, if it beat Charles it would beat anybody.

"What is an Obedient Plant?" Gilian said.

He started to explain about the Obedient Plant. A certain feeling of futility about the explanation suddenly made him impatient and he was on the point of stopping the whole thing when he saw the eyes of his daughter, large and transfixed, holding him as if mesmerised. Hastily he renewed the explanation, saying how the flowers could be turned this way and that, wherever you liked, and would stop where you left them.

"How clever. How did you find out about a thing like that?"

He supposed he'd swotted it up at some time, heard of it somehow.

"I think it's marvellous." "I can't imagine," Carrie said, "where Nigel's got to. Gilian, go and look for him again."

"I looked. He said he wouldn't come. He's playing with water outside the dog kennel."

"He's been truculent, that boy, all day. Apologies for your son—he's sometimes a bit like that."

Without a word he picked up his spoon and jabbed at the lemon in his China tea. Apologies: as if the truculence, the refusal to come to table, were all his fault. He was relieved, however, rather than offended. One of the things he had dreaded more than anything was to meet the boy. It imposed on him an obligation only equalled by the necessity, sooner or later, of meeting Charles.

"By the way," Elspeth said, "I brought a few seedlings of the other Abutilon over. The mauve one, *vitifolium*. I put them in the greenhouse. You know it, Roger, don't you?"

"It's lovely."

"I really prefer it to the *megapotamicum*."

"I think I do, too."

"We had it once before, but the last bad winter killed it. Now the new one has set seed."

"We had it here, too, and something killed it. Some truculent axe, I think," he said.

At once the tea-table seemed to flame. An interval of what seemed the better part of a minute, but in reality only a few seconds, ignited and seared the air. He waited for yet a further whip of it to reach him from Carrie's tongue, but she merely poured more hot water into the teapot and Elspeth said: "I think they need over-wintering inside. They're that bit tender."

"I'll tell Charles." The flame that had momentarily and dramatically flashed across the table by now was dead, leaving empty ashen air behind.

"I thought I heard the gate," Carrie suddenly said.

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"Go and see. Perhaps it's the postman."

"It could be Charles," Elspeth said.

"Oh, no. He won't be here today."

Well that, he thought, was at least considerate. Thank heaven for that. At least the ordeal of meeting the universal Charles needn't bother him any more.

Gilian, he noticed, hadn't gone to the gate. He helped himself to a third sandwich. She took one, too. As she did he noticed, surprisingly, for the first time, that she was wearing two badges on the lapel of her blouse: one scarlet and one gold.

"What are your badges for?"

"One's for good conduct and one's for the week's progress."

"But you're on holiday."

"Yes, but I'm just wearing them today."

He ought, he supposed, to talk about schools and progress and things like that. On the other hand — he went to drink more tea and found that his cup was empty.

"Let me fill you up. Was it right? Enough sugar?"

"Delicious. Just one lump."

Yes, schools. That was important. "Do you like school?"

"You've touched on a sore subject," Carrie said. "No, she doesn't."

"No, that's not true. I do and I don't."

"Well, we were all like that. I remember —"

He stopped. He saw that not only was Gilian looking at him, eyes minutely watchful, but that Elspeth was watching, too.

"Well, go on. I thought we were going to hear something terribly important."

"No, no. Just that I — you know how school is."

There was a sponge cake, with jam filling, on the table. Would he care for some? No, he didn't think he would, really, he wasn't for sweet things all that much. Nor, it seemed, was Gilian.

"Strange, that," Elspeth said. "I notice all children are like that nowadays. They're not much for sweet things. They all go for savories. I've got a niece of three who gorges stuffed olives. I think I was twenty before I tried a stuffed olive, and then I didn't like it."

"I hate stuffed olives," said Gilian. "I hate savories and fishy things and all that. I hate —"

"No, now," Carrie said. "Don't let's have a hate day."

"Hate day?" he said.

"Yes, we have hate days," Carrie said. "One day this week it was horses. The day after that, circuses, wasn't it? Yesterday it was Charles, of all people."

"Well, I do hate Charles."

"Now nobody on earth," Elspeth said, "could hate Charles. Charles is an absolute —"

"I hate him. He never lets me do anything. He's always mean and snappy, and you don't have to touch things."

Hell, he thought, this was — he sipped slowly at his tea. A leaf from the cherry tree, prematurely crimson, floated down in the windless air and settled lightly in the centre of the tea-table, making Elspeth say: "Oh, leaves falling

already! Don't say it's going to be an early autumn."

"I think that's the one thing that makes Charles really bad-tempered," Carrie said. "Leaves. Sweeping up. He hates them. They're so endless."

"Well, this year we've gone in for one of those patent sweeper-up gadgets. You must borrow it."

"Ah, that means you'll monopolise him. I think you've got even more leaves than we have."

"Well, we'll have to toss up for him again, that's all."

In mystification he sat mute. It struck him as being more than a bit liberal, two

women tossing up for the husband of one of them, and again he felt out of it all, a cold intruder in a strange world. Was that the reason, perhaps, for the hatred? It was understandable. He was near enough to hating Charles himself.

"How much do these things cost?" Carrie said. "I might as well get one, too. He hates borrowing things."

"No, don't go to that expense. After all, we share him. Let's share the gadget."

"All right, if you say so. By the way, since the days are drawing in, won't it soon be time we changed the timetable? — you have him in the mornings and me in the afternoons."

The mystification on his face evidently turned to astonishment, then stupefaction. He felt positively sullen. The intrusion on peculiar private affairs made him wish, once again, that he had never come. A certain warmth he had hitherto felt for Elspeth curled up and died inside himself like a dry worm. It wasn't any wonder there was hatred.

"Roger, you look terribly thoughtful."

Thoughtful? He started to say something about not being a particularly cynical man, but, of course, if sharing Charles gave any satisfaction — then his sentence died, too, cut dead by Elspeth and Carrie laughing.

"Roger, you're a scream — did you really think Carrie and I —?"

"In the mornings, too! I'm never any good in the mornings, anyway."

"Oh, me, of course, I'm terrific! Can you see me? — all voluptuous in slacks and a windcheater, waiting for Charles in a wheelbarrow!"

It was not, he thought, funny. He stared at his empty teacup, at the garden, and then, quickly and sullenly, at Gilian. She in return hardly looked at him. There was no change in her face even when Carrie and Elspeth burst out laughing again so loudly and high-spiritedly that it mocked him. He felt like the victim of some bad practical joke.

"Roger, what an idea — you didn't really think —"

"Well, perhaps we should try it some time," Elspeth said. She was still laughing, bright tawny eyes quite flash-

ing in their amusement. "I never thought of it — hello, where's Gilian hopped off to?"

The joke of Charles died out slowly. For him, too, the afternoon died.

"I'm sorry you saw dear old Charles in such a bad light," Carrie said. Her voice now had that slight edge to it, fine with acidity. "I hope our poor old gardener is now acquitted without a stain on his character."

"It was a genuine mistake."

The aftermath of laughter was cold. He tried to think of an excuse for going very soon, without seeming to be too impossibly stiff, and was suddenly struck by the thought

## SOME OTHER SPRING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58



of the boy playing outside the dog-kennel.

"I suppose I ought to say hello to Nigel before I go."

"You're not going yet? Go and find him yourself — he'd like that."

He got up from the table and walked across the lawn. Behind him he caught the echo of yet one more cackle of laughter, but when it died the afternoon was gripped in quietness.

The dog-kennel in the yard behind the kitchen was empty, graced by neither boy nor dog. He looked at it for a few moments, feeling empty, too. He remembered the yard as a dumping ground for buckets, heaps of sand, bits of iron bedsteads.

Now it was all carefully swept; there were even tubs

"This is my garden. Charles won't let me have it anywhere else."

"It's nice here. All on its own."

"Do you like it?"

An oblong plot of earth had been scraped out and lined with flints, bricks, and lumps of stone. He stared at it for some time, not speaking.

"I've got candytuft in there, but it hasn't come up yet. And iceland poppies. They're really for next year."

"Are they carrots coming up there?"

"Carrots? No, that's supposed to be larkspur."

"It looks like carrots."

"Oh, no, I don't think so. I hope not. I sowed Chinese pinks, too. That's what it said on the packet. Do you think it's them coming up?"

## IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUDD



"No, I think that's grass there."

She had only just made the garden, she said: only a week or two ago. It really hadn't got started yet. Everything seemed to be so slow coming up. Should they be so slow?

"It doesn't get an awful lot of light in here."

"No, I know. But it will later. In the winter. When the leaves fall."

"Yes. And in the spring. Plants respond to light as much as anything. You'll see an awful lot of difference in the spring."

He stooped and pulled up a root of groundsel and threw it aside.

"Oh, must you pull that up? I thought it was a flower."

"I'm sorry," he said. "I didn't think you wanted it."

extended his right hand and then dropped it to his side. Then she lifted her face and he kissed it on both cheeks and it was almost, for a moment, as if he were saying goodbye to Elspeth instead.

"I must go now. Goodbye."

"Goodbye. You won't forget the seeds?"

"No. What would you like?"

"I don't know. Not really. Anything."

"Well, you say and I'll send them."

"No, you choose. Anything you like. You choose."

"All right. I'll try to send some good things. Goodbye now."

"Goodbye."

For some reason it was the thought of Elspeth, not Gilian, that rode light and uppermost in his mind as he crossed the kitchen garden, then the yard, and came out to the lawn and flowerbeds beyond. He had been profoundly glad of Elspeth, without really realising it, all afternoon. Elspeth had helped enormously.

By the time he reached the lawn there was no one in sight. The tea-table was cleared. The lawn was empty. Then he saw Carrie, waiting on the steps of the house.

"I'm sorry. It was Gilian. I had to see the garden."

"You're very honored. Did you see Nigel?"

"No, he wasn't there."

"I see."

"Has Elspeth gone? Oh, surely not! I wanted to say goodbye."

"She suddenly fled. She remembered she had some cream to pick up in the village."

He once again felt out of it all, cold, a stranger intruding.

"What did she have to rush for?"

"She's like that sometimes."

"I didn't say goodbye."

"She said to say goodbye to you. And if you ever had a thought about the name of that plant —"

"Oh, yes. Did you say honored? Why?"

"Even I haven't seen the garden yet. What was it like?"

He paused before answering. He must go soon. There was nothing to wait for.

"She has great plans for it," he said. He remembered suddenly her watching eyes, her long, waiting silences. "It should be marvellous in the —"

"In what?"

"Oh, in the spring."

Or if not in the spring, he thought, some other time: some other spring.

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# ONE DREAM FOR ANOTHER

By ETHEL WEBB

*Just as they were about to leave the camp, laden with a gay variety of gifts, Sam unexpectedly called Jimmy back.*

here to the back end of nowhere, north-east of west, to find the dream stone.

He jack-knifed suddenly as he realised he was not alone. Crouched in the shadow of the hessian shack, the light blue eyes glinted dangerously as he summed up the slight figure standing hesitantly near the water tin.

"Watcher want?" he snapped, his lips drawn straight across his stained teeth. Looks clean, anyway, he thought, taking in the faded jeans, the red-check shirt. Doesn't seem drunk, either.

The Aboriginal stood quite still, his arms hanging limply, pale palms turned outward. He looked back over his shoulder. "Ute's broken down. 'Bout a mile back. Rotor arm broke on the distributor." He pointed with a drooping gesture. Sam craned to see the grey utility stranded near a jagged outcrop of red and purple ironstone.

Sam was watchful. "Can't help, mate. I ain't no mechanic. Ain't even got a ute or truck of me own. Go down to the road and wait for a lift when I want to go anywhere."

The Aboriginal looked round vaguely. Wonder if he saw the stones, Sam worried, conscious of the leather bag in the pocket of his frayed trousers. Suddenly he felt alone and old and very vulnerable. His voice cracked as he shouted, "Shove off, will ya? I ain't got nothin' for ya."

The man turned sharply. "I'm sorry." He spoke well for a native. Mission-trained, Sam thought, relaxing a little. "I just thought, mister, maybe you'd let me put my stuff in your shack."

Sam stood up, flexing the tension from his wiry body. "What sort of stuff?" he asked suspiciously.

"Food. Christmas presents for the kids. The lock's broken on the ute. I wouldn't like to leave anything in there."

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THE opals flashed fire in the spread dirty palm. Sam's tongue moistened his cracked lips, framed in grey stubble, as with a broken-nailed forefinger he separated the tiger-eye, the black opals, the petrified wood, ferreting out the dream stone, the moss opal. His attention lingered lovingly on the others for a moment before putting them away in the leather pouch.

Then he sighed and leaned back against the side of the rickety shack and, holding up the milky, greyish stone, prepared to lose himself once more in its magic depths. The polished surface, the size of a hen's egg, seemed almost like a miniature painting of an enchanted forest, and Sam often explored every fern, every tree, seeking some impossible happiness that life had denied him.

It was bitter-sweet, his love for the opals. They reminded him of Lightning Ridge forty years ago, and Gwennie, golden Gwennie, who couldn't stand the rough life. She'd taken his bag of opals when she left with the baby, screaming that she might as well have something after all these years of hardship.

He hadn't grudged them, there were more in the tortured earth. He'd found them, too. Then he moved from Lightning Ridge, selling a stone now and then to stake himself to other ventures, gold, uranium, titanium, each marked by a few more stones in the soft leather pouch.

His thin lips turned up at the corners in a wry smile as he thought, not many people have a lump of amethyst for a door-stop, though it's a lonely door that's never passed by a friend.

He put the moss opal away and stretched his arms out in the sun, squinting under the brim of his battered felt hat at the empty sky from which the heat seemed to have bleached every trace of blue. He spat into the red dust at his feet. But I had to come here, he thought,



Sam stroked his jaw. I'm taller and heavier than he is, he thought, his confidence returning. "How long?" he asked. "Tomorrow maybe. I gotta spare rotor at the camp." "How far to your camp?" "Bout fifteen miles." Sam ran a filthy hand through his grey curls. "OK," he said. "bring it in." A smile lit up the dark, bony face, showing strong white teeth. "What's your name?" Sam called as the man turned away. "Jimmy, sir. Jimmy Mason." He hurried out of sight behind the shack, returning quickly with a pile of bundles. He called me "sir." Sam smiled in spite of himself. "Mission?" he asked. "Yes, sir. Both my wife and I were brought up on the Mission."

Sam opened the ill-fitting door as Jimmy brought his stuff inside. "Got some more in the ute," he said. "I'll go for it now." Sam turned impulsively. "Have a bit of tucker before you set out for your camp?" It's only when you've got company, he thought, that you realise how lonely it was before. Jimmy hesitated. "I've got a tin of beef in the ute." Sam straightened his stooped shoulders. "That'd be nice. I've got potatoes and onions we could put with it." With another smile Jimmy set off back to the ute. Sam lit a fire among the ring of stones that was his fireplace and set the water to boil. He cut the potatoes and onions and tossed them in, then went inside to look at Jimmy's gear.

## ONE DREAM FOR ANOTHER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61

Seems a lot of it, he thought. Cautiously he moved a box with the toe of his boot, and recoiled as "Maaamaaaaa!" wailed through the hut. Must be a doll. He squatted now, poking, feeling. That feels like cloth. This here feels like half a ham! Crikey, he's doing himself proud! Wonder if he's pinched this stuff? He went back outside to look at his cooking, then sat down on the red sand to ponder Jimmy's affluence. What if he's a thief? What chance for an old prospector like me against a native with a knife? He shuddered. He was startled when the Aboriginal stumbled into camp half an hour later, a child's tri-

cycle draped around his neck, a scooter over one shoulder, and his arms laden with packages. "Crikey!" Sam shouted. "You look like Father Christmas! Where'd you get all this stuff? Rob the store?" Jimmy laughed. "No, sir. Sold some red and black tantalite." "Tantalite, eh?" So he was a fossicker, too. Plenty of them about, all colors. "Where'd you find that? I got a bit of green beryl not too far away, but I ain't found any tantalite." Jimmy looked into the fire. "Might come back one day and get some more," he murmured. Sam wasn't put out. You couldn't expect a man to tell you

where he found his stuff. "Pulling out?" he asked. "Yeah. For a while, anyway. The life's no good for women and kids." Silently Sam served the meal on chipped enamel plates. Jimmy spread his hands. "Kids need to go to school — doctors, dentists —" He paused. "You know how it is." Sam flung a handful of tea into the billy. "Yeah," he said, bitterly. "I know how it is." He looked at Jimmy squatting in the firelight. "What are you going to do?" Jimmy draped his skinny arms over his bony knees and hung his head. "Gotta job. Karrang Station. Stockman. House for the wife and kids. The pay's good and there's a bit of a school up at the station house." Sam poured the tea. "Ah, well. Everyone to their taste," he said with a sneer.

"I'll be back," Jimmy said fiercely, looking up. "A few years, that's all. I'll be back. It'll still be waiting for me, the tantalite, titanium, beryl, even gold, perhaps, or uranium." He waved his hand at the darkening scrub. "I can spare a few years to bring up my kids decent."

SAM closed his eyes against the memory of Gwennie, Gwennie, still golden-haired, still holding the baby, and still screaming at him, screaming, screaming.

They drank the tea in silence. Then Jimmy rose gracefully, slung his boots around his neck. "Thanks for the tucker, sir." He turned away, his bare toes splayed in the red dust.

Sam put out his hand; drew it back, unsure. "Wait. You said them was Christmas presents?"

Jimmy half turned toward him. "Yes, that's right."

"Is Christmas that close?"

"Tomorrow."

Sam rose. He spoke awkwardly. "Well, shouldn't the kids have their presents in the morning?"

Jimmy flung his hands wide. "What can I do? The ute's broken down. I can't carry all that stuff."

Sam stepped toward him. "Maybe we could manage it between us. We got all night to get there."

"Gee, mister, would you? It's fifteen miles and it's not much of a place when you get there, just a bit of a camp I made."

Sam's jaw jutted fiercely. "I don't exactly live in Buckingham Palace, meself," he said, waving a hand toward the shack. "And I'm not too old and feeble to walk fifteen miles, so long as there's a cuppa tea at the end of it."

"Ah, gee, yes, mister. Christmas dinner, too. I got all the trimmings in my gear. And Doris reads the Christmas Story real good."

"Come on, then. Let's get this stuff sorted out. I ain't spent Christmas with a family for forty years."

When at last the two men rose from their packing, making strange silhouettes in the moonlight, Sam held out his hand. "Jimmy. Give this to your wife. It ain't worth much; just a bit of moss opal, but it's pretty." He looked down. "I call it my dream stone."

Jimmy held the magic forest in his palm. "Dream stone," he repeated softly. He held out the stone to Sam. "I wouldn't like to take another man's dream."

"Ah, forget it," Sam spoke harshly. "That dream's over. You've given me another." He paused. "I'm thinking of pulling out meself. Might take a trip to Adelaide. Look up some folks I used to know."

As the two laden figures trudged across the scrub, Sam smiled, anxiously, uncertain. I wonder how many other people's grandchildren will have opals and tiger-eye for playthings, he thought.

Walking beside the stranger, Jimmy, he began to explore the new dream.

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## MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

THE MYSTERIOUS Dr. Zed permits a delegation, including Mandrake, to visit guarded Goat Island—to see his secret and hear his terms. NOW READ ON:



## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

### ACROSS

- Counterfeiting a part of the body for progressing (7, 5).
- A seed kept in rag (5).
- A sharp stroke in billiards (5).
- Poor stuff in entrails (5).
- A listener (7).
- The lower world; be sure of it (6).
- A seal, but not a swimming one (6).
- Get a rat for boat race-meeting (7).
- A doctor full of ire is soiled with mud (5).
- Mistake or mistake (5).
- Entrance (5).
- Don't disturb pool fed by a spring; you won't improve it (3, 4, 5).



Solution of last week's crossword.



Solution will be published next week.

### DOWN

- In Gilbert and Sullivan's "Iolanthe" it is told that, if you are thus handicapped, you can't win a fair lady (5-7).
- A highly syncopated music (7).
- I and a sorcerer can make a picture (5).
- Sociable (6).
- An item of property as placed (5).
- Golfers and motorists must do it (5, 2, 5).
- The middle coat of the wall of a blood-vessel can aid me (5).
- To put in circulation, mostly true (5).
- Hamlet's friend (7).
- Pertaining to the lips (6).
- A ravine in the throat (5).
- Helen Porter Mitchell is known by this name (5).





## WHICH PICTURE FITS HIM?

Is your husband a ball of energy, ready to enjoy his leisure hours after work? Or does he drag through the day, to come home tired . . . not really sick but too "flat" to join in the family fun?

If he's continually tired . . . unusually nervy and irritable—perhaps it's a warning that his blood, tissue, nerves and muscles need an extra supply of essential, health-giving vitamins and minerals!

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